

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

REV. B. WEED GORHAM.

BY REV. Z. PADDOCK.

It is always a difficult task to give the character of a living man, and especially of a living Christian minister. A thousand things which it might be very proper to say of him *after* he has gone to share the rewards of the just, it might be very improper to say while he still lingers among the contingencies of a probationary state. Besides, a good man will always be pained with whatever wears the aspect of adulation, or even voluntary praise; an infliction which every generous heart will cautiously avoid. Still, there are occasions when something of a man's personal history may be very properly called for, and when some of his friends may be reasonably expected to supply it. The present seems to be just one of those occasions. As the portrait of the Rev. BARLOW WEED GORHAM appears in the present number of the Guide, of which he has been for sometime one of the Editors, and appears there at the earnest instance of many of his friends, a few words in regard to him are certainly in place.

He is the son of William and Polly Weed Gorham, and was born in Ridgebury, Conn., June 24, 1814. The mother was one of the Old Methodists, and gave her son to God and his church, so far as maternal agency could do such a thing, as soon as he became an inhabitant of earth. In childhood he came by domestic removal to Otsego County, N. Y., where he spent his youth in such pursuits as

were suited to the community in which he lived; by turns attending school, and toiling on the farm, or at some mechanical labor, as occasion required and opportunity offered.

Though not wealthy, his parents greatly desired to give him a good education; and, at the age of sixteen, the way providentially opening, he was sent to school in Philadelphia; and the rather was he sent in that direction as he might there be somewhat under the eye and guardianship of his maternal uncle, the Rev. B. Weed, of the Newark Conference, for whom he was named. Here he remained for the space of four years, greatly profiting by his advantages, and the more so as he found the pearl of great price at a camp-meeting, soon after he went to Philadelphia. At the age of twenty he returned to the residence of his parents; and his promise as a public speaker attracting the attention of the presiding Elder on the Chenango district, the Rev. Andrew Peck, he was employed by him to fill vacancies in that district during the two following years. In 1836 he was admitted on trial in the Oneida Annual Conference, and with the exception of a single year, when, in consequence of personal illness, he was on the superannuated list, he has continued to perform effective service down to the present time.

He has successively served the following charges, namely: Norwich, Hamilton, Earlville, East Hamilton, Chenango, Vernon Centre, Cherry Valley, New Hartford, West Winfield, Cooperstown, Carbondale, New Troy, Binghamton, Owego,

and Scranton. He is now pastor of the Court street charge, in Binghamton. In all of these different fields of labor he has been more or less successful, and in some of them he has had great and glorious revivals. Bro. Gorham has, indeed, all of the elements of a first-rate revivalist. He not only has great power in the pulpit, but sings, and prays, and exhorts with a sweetness, a pathos, and a *success*, rivalled by few others among us.

The Wyoming Annual Conference, of which he is now a member, has honored brother G. by electing him several times to the office of Secretary, by appointing him tract agent, and otherwise treating him with special consideration.

Though in such a place as this it might justly be deemed in bad taste to say much of our subject's domestic relations, it does nevertheless seem proper to state that brother and sister Gorham have given to the church in the person of their eldest daughter one of the most promising missionaries that has ever gone from our shores to the abodes of heathenism. We refer to the wife of the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, missionary to Foo Chau, China.

As brother Gorham is still in meridian life, has a compact and vigorous frame, and seems to be wholly devoted to the great work in which he is engaged, his friends anticipate for him still a long and successful career as a minister of Christ.

Binghamton, Nov. 10, 1860.

WHAT is faith? A receiving into the mind the truth concerning Jesus; a going to Jesus as revealed in the truth; a committing of the soul to Jesus; a trusting in Jesus, and a living upon Jesus for all things, to the glory of the Father. Faith triumphs over reason, by receiving the revelation of the God of reason.

THE very centre of the Christian religion is union with Christ, and the receiving him as our all.—*Fletcher.*

[Original.]

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

I HAVE been alone with my Testament for about two hours,—scarcely moving, but for a few turns at intervals across the room; not reading much either; not even thinking much, unless the communion between my spirit and the Spirit of the Lord can be called thought.

The first words sought for were, "I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." These first, because I felt lonely. I was busy with them a long while, but that need not be talked about. The sunshine which lighted the page two hours ago is gone; the last golden ray has faded from the words of promise, but the light of love's epiphany shall gleam on every step of life, and crest the waves of death.

"He will not with the day depart,
But stay and love me to the end."

Next in order came, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." It was the prayer and promise. I partook of the bread and wine last Sunday at the sacrament. I wondered then, just *how* the blood wrought to be the agent, or rather the condition, of all this wonderful result, and have been pondering it again to-night.

Not merely by its cleansing energy; that would but remove hindrances and clear the way for the actual agency which made perfect. Is it because it is the blood of the everlasting covenant between God and Christ,—conveying to him, under the seal of blood, a renewed grant of his alienated property, consisting in the restoration of his image and favor; doing his will, and being well pleasing in his sight; the earnest of much fruit brought forth by the corn of wheat as it fell into the ground and died; the key-note of the

primeval song of creation, sung unto the Well Beloved touching his vineyard, and its harvest nourished, not by the morning cloud and early dew, but by the night-drops which moistened the soil of Gethsemane? Is it because it is the blood of the everlasting covenant between Christ and his redeemed, making them over to him as his purged and purchased possession, and settling his fulness upon them, which covenant having first applied the blood to cleanse, seals, in a continual cleansing, the charter of strength for all required perfection in every good work? For there can be no vacuum in the soul; the divine tends instinctively to fill and satisfy the human. Where sin is *not*, God is, by an impulse of his nature; and the blood-purging meets the condition on which this impulse moves freely. Then where God is, he works. This is another attribute of his nature. He cannot be inactive. He that sits upon that throne says, "Behold, I make all things new." He continually produces and sustains in his spiritual creation, as in his physical one. This interior working fills up the outline of duty which his providence sketches. Thus the God of peace makes perfect by himself working, — a very natural and easy way, because, "as for God, his work is perfect." This is that very God of peace who sanctifies us wholly. Why is he so called in both these passages relating pointedly to practical sanctification? The God of purity or of power, were a title, one would think, more strictly indicative of the result named. Is it because the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever; because the source of all power, and the sum of all purity, is repose in God?

What is this perfection? It might be in deed, or in motive, or in both. Is it in deed? — is it a perfectness of execution in every good work? Hardly that, when the instrumentality is an unskilful hand and inexperienced heart. When we shall have "this treasure" in heavenly

vessels, faultlessness of execution may be looked for. Till then, perhaps it is better not to expect too much of it, lest we arrive at a temper of unhealthy self-dissatisfaction. If, then, the words "perfect in every good work" are not self-explanatory, will the perfection unfold itself in motive, "to do his will?" It is said that unity of design is an element of excellence in human workmanship. That must depend upon whether the object be good or otherwise. If it be, simplicity of purpose will give dignity to the deed. Then how true must this be of that work, of which the perfection not only springs from, but is consummated in motive, a work which can exist purely in *will*, but which, if it find formal expression at all, is not complete until it is merged in *will* again, — a work which only is, at all, as it passes on from the many modes of deeds to the one "doing" of the will of God.

How possible thus to be made perfect! It is but to get the activity of life threaded with the purpose of doing the divine will, by laying the soul open to the in-being and in-working of the God of peace, — who works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure; creates the will which makes the work, as well as perfects the work in the accomplishment of the will. This chases the last shadow of painful anxiety from the mind. We not only need not harass ourselves with questionings as to the detail of our actions; we may devolve on him the main care of our motives, keeping only within the energy and the suretyship of the blood of the everlasting covenant.

A life brought again from the dead, after the pattern of the great Shepherd of the sheep, developing itself in every good work, under conditions which sum up this wonderful outgoing of activity in perfect peace. This is the covenant of the God of peace under the seal of *blood*.

"That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the covenant peace my own."

"Christ shall be magnified." These were

the next words to which I turned. Christ's servant quieted the suspense of immediate or delayed martyrdom. It was no great matter which; either way, "Christ would be magnified." Less terrible questions lie unsolved in the problem of the future view; yet some, anxious enough to try still the patience of the saints, and they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, have to settle such with the same prompt and peaceful answer: Either way, "Christ shall be magnified."

Backward memory is ranging over the last ten years; calm and happy, on the whole, unburdened with the baffled purposes and blighted hopes which often darken earth's early summer, yet clouded sometimes by the shadows of life, crossed sometimes even by the shadow of death, and what is the issue? Answer, conscience and "accuser" too! Is not Christ magnified?

Forward fancy is flitting over the next ten years,—if the vision tarry,—and the next, and the next, and then the next, on to the close of the century, and it might be onward still, for even that will not see threescore years and ten yet fully "suffered out;" and what shall be the legend of the life? "Christ shall be magnified."

What a strange thing the daily life of a Christian is! What a nicely adjusted balance of joy and sorrow! Joys enough, almost unnoticed from their frequency, in the present sense of pardon, and communications of grace, and conscious fellowship with God and the assured hope of the vision of Jesus,—enough to overwhelm the soul with its burden of blessedness, were it an annual instead of a daily experience. Yet sorrow enough—often unnoticed too—to make one feel as if the first hours in the eternal presence of the Lord must be spent in weeping away the restrained tears of a lifetime. We are later in becoming habituated to the latter than to the former; an evidence that joy is the more familiar guest of the two. Concerning sorrow, we are still apt,

with the early church, to think it "some strange thing."

I remember, scarcely a year ago, being puzzled with this strangeness. A conversation, held during a drive to an evening service had impressed the conviction that the prizes of this world were pleasant things to have. It ceased on arrival at the church; but as I kneeled in the pew, instead of prayer, some notion occupied my mind to the effect that I had made a mistake in setting lightly by the pleasures and advantages which such people seemed to value; that there must be some real good in them which I had failed to appreciate, and lost for want of appreciation, and that it would be wiser to pluck a few of earth's fruits and flowers if they grew within my reach, than to pass them by while looking at the clouds. Half a minute these thoughts whirled through my mind; then, facing them, some words sprang up as if from the vaults of the silent church.

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

I almost started from my knees, just stifling the audible expression of some such cry as this: "Save me from a life of ease and pleasure and luxury. Save me from failing of my inheritance in the baptism for the dead."

"The Son of God has gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,—
Who follows in his train?"

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain?
Who boldest bears his cross below,
Who follows in his train?"

"Ye belong to Christ." These were the next words I mused over, with such a satisfactory consciousness that they were the conclusion of the whole matter. Round and round within that charmed circle, thought might travel. There was no getting beyond or above it.

I belong to Christ *finally*. I have for some time found it good to consider this question settled forever, at rest for all time and all eternity. Not, therefore, to be continually raising it as a matter of fresh examination, nor to foster the habit of regarding it as one which admits of other or further reply than it has already received. Some years ago I was wont to renew my covenant with God every day, and sometimes frequently in the course of the day. That seemed profitable at the time, but now I think it had its danger. The unconfessed and even unsuspected impression is left on the mind, that our consecration is more full and perfect at such periods than at others, and therefore that when it is less so, we are at liberty to resume some slight ownership in ourselves, to be made straight again at the next self-surrender. A more excellent way I have since thought is not laying again, even in this sense, the foundation of repentance and faith toward God. I have found the advantage in sudden emergencies of duty or trial, especially when they have been coincident with seasons of spiritual prostration, of acting—almost, as it has seemed—mechanically, from a habit of mind which holds that the power of choice, as to obedience, is gone forever; that if I would deal treacherously, it is now too late. I have met such crises with George Herbert's words:—

"Hast thou not made thy counts and summed up all?

Did not thy heart

Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?

Let what will fall,

That which is passed, who can recall?"

When reading the life and letters of Gerhardt Tersteegen, I met with several remarks confirmatory of this; the following in particular:—

"I am the Lord's. Having surrendered myself to him, I belong to him with all that I am, and no longer to myself. By this I must abide, or else I cannot make as solemn a revocation as my previous surrender, from which may the Lord pre-

serve me. I am his, I repeat, and God regards me as such."

It may be said, on the other hand, that we do not realize our ideal of consecration; that we actually do fail of it again and again, and that not merely by ignorance, but in circumstances where a little watchfulness, or even thoughtfulness, would have saved us; and that such failures require the old ground to be retrodden. But this is a little beside the point. The real question is, do such failures place the soul in the position it occupied before it was wholly given up to God? If they do, then all that can be said on the score of repentance, etc., follows. If they do not, the difficulty must be met on different grounds. It is a question which individual experience must decide. If a soul acquire the habit of lying on the altar of sacrifice one day, and with equal facility starting aside the next, almost any surprise of circumstances will sweep away the traces of dedication. There will be no instinctive falling back upon a foundation of self-surrender, as upon that "which cannot be moved." What is lightly bound is lightly loosed; but in these cases, it might be worth while to inquire whether such slight and superficial views ever furnish the countersign of that promise. "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord."

But if consecration be a condition of the heart constant and incorruptible, a state of the will deliberate and invincible,—the one can only be nullified, as Tersteegen hints, by a revocation as solemn as the previous surrender; and the other can only be vitiated by admitting into the soul some rival object of delight. If holiness were anything but love governing the will, it would ebb and flow often enough in the experience of its weak and variable human subjects. As

it is, no human analogy, even, enables one to comprehend the position of loving God, with all the heart, in one hour, and being *accidentally* estranged from him in another. That was a wise saying of Hester Ann Roe to her cousin, when he objected that if he could gain holiness, he could not keep it: "It is to keep you." How often we make the same mistake; thinking with so much anxiety: "I must not give way to sin, lest I lose holiness; when the proper way of putting the matter is: I must not lose love, lest I give way to sin." If we keep ourselves, that which constitutes the integrity of our being, in the love of God, the faults and failings which mar the surface of our life, — however much and justly we may deplore them, — will not affect it in its depths. Why are we elected, in one breath, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, — (thus reversing the primal law which governs our justification, — but that the obedience of the sanctification of the Spirit will be defective enough to need the sprinkling, and complete enough to insure it?

There is another thought about this *finally*. It holds good with Christ as well as with me; and so it will come to pass that in these future years, when I shall be sore pressed by the powers of darkness, he will show himself strong in my behalf; when I am very nigh unto falling by the hand of this enemy, he will remember that I belong to him once for all; and for his Son's sake, interpose to prevent the disannulling of a bond so sacred and so dear. This is a hope that experience has worked. It has been so in the past. There have been times when I have stood on the very verge of some precipice of spiritual evil, when I must have fallen but for a direct, gratuitous, unsought-for grasp of divine power; — and the only way in which I can account for these special and extraordinary acts of condescension is the connection estab-

lished between an everlasting covenant and the sure mercies of David."

I belong to Christ *totally*. A very old thought which has come upon my soul lately with a new aspect of comfort. Why split up a sum total into fractions? Why pore uneasily over the details of a whole? Do let Tersteegen again explain: "Do not think so much upon denying yourself, upon being faithful, or upon living holily and strictly; but only seek to love, hunger after love, exercise yourselves in love. Love is always exercising self-denial, without tasting its bitterness, and almost without even thinking of it. Think only, however, how you may love; how you may love him more cordially than ever, and do everything to gratify and satisfy his love." Is not this good counsel? How often we involve our souls in needless perplexity by over-solicitude on the particulars of a holy walk, — when our only work should be to do in love each moment, that moment's revelation of the divine will. It has been a repetition of the cumbering with much serving, instead of the freedom of love's simplicity, which, in sitting at the Master's feet, learns how to accomplish all his will.

Then there is another thing about this *total* belonging to Christ, also freshly impressed on my mind: It brings freedom from the tyranny of selfish interests. This is a privilege I seem only just beginning to appreciate and enjoy. Yet a most soul-inspiring and exalted privilege it is to merge one's own interests in the interests of Christ. Not to set lightly by them altogether; that would be impossible, and even if possible, undesirable, because a false estimate, — one out of harmony with His mind to whom they are sacredly dear. Not even to get free from them, because they are thus dear to him. This is an old, happy thought I once fled to, as a refuge from disquietude. My interests were so safe in Christ's keeping, that solicitude about them was gratuitous. But this

consideration, however satisfactory as far as it goes, does not go far enough, nor, indeed, rise high enough, for it is selfish still; and our dearest interests are not wholly personal. They will often cross circles which do not lie within the coil of those links. "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's." Just such spheres my heart was wont to journey with fear and trembling. But not so much now; a wider, safer, higher, nobler comfort than that my interests are Christ's, is that his interests are mine. This is a sphere in which speculation need not shudder, nor hope fold her pinion.

But the two ideas are harmonious, as Herbert felt when he sung out these sweet chimes.

"CLASPING OF HANDS."

"Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
If mine I am and thine much more
Than I or ought or can be mine;
Yet to be thine doth me restore,
To that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more,
Since me being mine brings with it thine,
And then with thee doth me restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

"Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
So mine thou art that something more
I may presume thee mine than thine;
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me and to be thine;
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet thou as mine didst me restore.
Oh, be mine still, still make me thine,
Or rather make me mine and thine!"

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."

And better than the glory which gems our own star-crowned brow is the beholding of thine. Better than the jasper-walled city, and its jewelled foundations; than the splash of the crystal river and the shadow of the tree on its banks; better than the cloudless day which no night can darken, and the ceaseless song which no languor can hush, and the radiant eye which no tear can dim, and the

deathless life which no time can waste, is the beholding of thy glory. And as

"By faith we now transcend the skies,
And o'er a ruined world look down,"

As even now

"By love, above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne."

Our feet standing within the pearly gates of thy Jerusalem, or pacing the golden streets on which with thee we walk in white; from the glories of thy heaven, our eyes turn to behold thy glory; and, passing from the recital of sorrow and sighing forever fled away, and that light affliction which was but for a moment, worked out into this far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory!

E. R.

London, England, 1860.

"WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE."

BY HARRIETTE.

At night within thy circling arms
I sweetly sink to rest;
My spirit feels no rude alarms,
In thee I'm blest.

So when the rosy morning breaks,
I'm still, my God, with thee.
Thy love the sleeping world awakes,
It blesses me.

While yet the early morning dew
Is glittering on the leaves,
Thy love to me comes fresh and new,
With every breeze.

With thee, while moon and stars recede
Before the glorious king of day,
Thy precious promises I plead,
And praise and pray.

I seek the shadow of thy wing,
A covert from the noon-tide heat;
Each duty that the day may bring,
Seek grace to meet.

When in thy likeness I awake,
Still will I be with thee;
Thy love my paradise shall make
Eternally.

[Original.]

THE OLD FUR CAP; OR, THE CHANGE OF POSITION.

BY O. H. KNAPP.

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

"Their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

As the first sound of the bell reached my ears, my heart leaped with joy, for it was the call to a "union prayer meeting." On passing into the street, all nature seemed to be responding to the call to the house of God. It was a beautiful autumnal evening, and in a part of the world where the autumnal evenings are of surpassing loveliness, and where the stars shine with peculiar brilliancy. As I stepped into the street, and stopped a moment to offer up a single word of praise, not a sound met my ears but the clear, solemn tones of the several bells, which were "tolling" the people of God to the house of prayer. It seemed to be almost sacrilege to disturb, by steps, the solemn silence,—a silence made doubly impressive by the voice of God speaking through the various bells.

The tolling church-bell always awakens within me feelings of devotion, but never before as then. Every sound of the bells came as if it had been the very voice of the Father, calling on his people to come up to his house of prayer to plead for the salvation of the world. These voices of the great Jehovah seemed to say, "Wait on thy God;" "Ask of God," but "Ask in faith;" "Ask, and ye shall receive;" Come "to the house of prayer;" "Wait ye upon me;" "Have faith in God;" "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Many times, in walking to the house of prayer that evening did I stop to gaze, in adoring gratitude, upon the scene above and around me. Every star spoke of Deity, and every twinkle sang his praise. The silence and stillness which reigned were almost oppressive. The noise of the

gravel under my feet often caused me to stop, as it appeared to be the only thing in creation that disturbed the harmony that prevailed.

"Delightful scene!—a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear."

God was in that stillness; and redeeming love whispered in my ears, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

As I entered the house of prayer and took my seat, and leaned my head on the back of the slip before me, to listen to the first prayer, my eyes rested upon an old, but respectable-looking Fur Cap; and instantly my thoughts turned to its owner, and the brother who sat by his side; and after lingering a moment on their condition at that time, and their Christian characters, were turned to the Judgment, and their change of position there. The vision, as presented to my mind, though lasting only for a moment, revealed the character of those brethren then, and as then, probably, for eternity, with the distinctness of a living reality, and a clearness which the lapse of years does not obliterate.

I knew them both, and well. The one, with fine natural talents, had been educated for the ministry, and under the most favorable circumstances; but before completing his theological course, abandoned the idea of the ministry, and embarked in secular pursuits. His income was not large, but a fashionable style of living yearly exhausted what it was; and while his contributions were regular and general, they were limited in amount. His head was well filled with biblical knowledge, and his prayers were highly intellectual. Such qualifications did not long remain unnoticed; for at a very early age he was called to a high position in the church.

The other, the owner of the old Fur Cap, was a mechanic, with a large family, all of whom, of a suitable age, joined

their labors with those of the father. Industry, frugality, and neatness characterized the family. The income of the father was about equal to that of his neighbor; which, after defraying the expenses of the family in the most economical manner, was entirely devoted and applied to the cause of God. He probably gave ten times more to the Lord than did his neighbor. He was a consecrated Christian. He labored in season and out of season to win souls to Christ; and his conversation was in heaven, for his treasure was there. He labored as directly for God in setting his type, as when pleading at the mercy-seat for sinners, of whom, with tears, he entreated them to be reconciled to the Father.

The impression I first had was as to their position at that time. The one, honored by the church; the other, hardly known to half its members. The one, bearing no fruit perceptible to human eye; the other, almost in the daily habit of leading souls to Christ. The one, spending the money given him by the Lord in adorning his wife's person, and in high living; the other, simply using enough for the necessities of life, and then placing the balance in the Lord's treasury. The one was lively, and readily engaged in worldly conversation; the other was thoughtful, and his conversation about heaven, and the way to get there.

From their position on earth, my thoughts glanced upwards, and for a moment I seemed to see them in the presence of the Lamb; and oh, what a change of position! The owner of the old Fur Cap appeared now as "a star forever and ever." His position was near to his Lord, and his mission and his duties were of the highest grade of the redeemed; while his joys and delights could only be fully understood by those who had been "a living sacrifice" in their pilgrimage state. There was a dignity, a happiness, a something indescribable about him, that fixed attention on him, and caused the

heart to exclaim, "Truly, 'He hath done all things well.'"

And the man-honored disciple was there; — but how different did he now appear! On earth, to man, there had appeared to be a great difference, and most apparent in God's house; but, now, the real difference was clearly manifested. The one now shone "as the brightness of the firmament;" the other, as the bright, brilliant, magnificent star, which twinkles to earth's inhabitants the praises of its Creator.

For a moment I experienced a feeling of regret, while contemplating this change of position; but it was only for an instant, for my heart immediately exclaimed, It is right! it is just! it is in God's order! Truly, whosoever honors the Saviour before men, him will the Son honor before the Father. The overlooked, man-forsaken, God-fearing disciple is now of the highest order of heaven's nobility. On earth, he lived to glorify God; in heaven, he lives to sing his praise; on earth, his brother passed him without recognition; but in heaven he looks down from his lofty position affectionately on that brother. In God's earthly house, his man-allotted seat was below that of his brother; in heaven, God's appointed place is above that of his brother.

I retired from that hallowed spot a more thoughtful, a wiser man. I saw more distinctly than ever before how differently the Christian is viewed by God and by man; and from the two brethren who sat before me, my thoughts turned to the Christian character, as it was portrayed in the Bible, and exemplified in the lives of Christians in all ages; and I saw that whenever there had been great eminence in Christianity, there had been a full consecration to God, and that knowledge and learning were not indispensable to deep spirituality and great usefulness; but that *entire consecration* was, that the "living sacrifice" all could and should be; and I lifted up my heart in praise that eminence

in usefulness did not depend on natural gifts, and that it preceded exaltation and honor in heaven; and that the rule of judgment was to be divine, not human, and therefore the "recompense of reward" was to be in exact proportion to faithfulness here, and not according to man's judgment.

Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

Never before did true religion appear so attractive, nor lukewarmness and formalism so hideous. The wholly consecrated Christian, with limited capacities, natural and acquired, was eminently successful in leading souls to Christ; while the man of great talents, and high literary attainments, not wholly given up to God, could fatten on the husks of human regards, and slumber over the cries of the distressed in spirit. In one, Christ lived; in the other, Christ wanted to live. In the life of one, Christ appeared; in the life of the other, Christ desired to appear. The one, entered heaven "so as by fire; the other had "an abundant entrance."

I had been taught an important lesson. I saw more clearly than ever before what God required of me. Would I be useful? Then I "must" be a "living sacrifice." Would I have faith that should "please God?" Then I "must" be wholly consecrated to God, and not "receive honor one of another." Would I shine in heaven as a star "forever and ever?" Then I "must" honor Christ here by taking up every cross,—by trusting in him "before the sons of men;" and by being one of those "that turn many to righteousness;"—and my heart then responded, and still responds, It is my "reasonable service;" "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God."

"Lo, I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.

"Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord."

HEAVEN.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

On, talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and love ineffable.
Oh, tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing,
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously!
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh! happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night—
The darkness of that land is light;
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eyes;
For every one they shed while here,
In cheerless agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

Oh! lovely, blooming country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair,
And though no fields nor forests green,
No bowery gardens there are seen,
No perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,—
The archetypes of these.

There is the home, the land of birth,
Of all we highest prize on earth;
The storms that rack this world beneath
Must now forever cease;
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace.

Oh! happy, happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Divinity,
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest,
And those blessed souls, whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys forever.
Oh! soon may heaven uncloset to me!
Oh! may I soon that glory see!
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land.

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

REVIVAL, STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

DEAR BROTHER: The triumphs of the cross here are amazing. Yesterday was one of the days of the Son of man, to a very extraordinary degree. He who is the Lord of the Sabbath drew great multitudes together from near and remote regions, and wondrous were the manifestations of convincing, healing, and sanctifying power. Though the congregation was dense, and hundreds, I presume, went away for want of room, yet there was no confusion.

The solemnity of the felt presence of the High and Holy One seemed to be an outspoken realization depicted on every countenance.

Would that I could with my pen give you a conception of the solemn, stupendous, penetrating influences that pervaded the congregations of yesterday afternoon and evening, but more particularly the evening. Said a Christian lady about this, "I opened my lips to sing, but I seemed so overawed with the solemnity of God's presence, that I paused."

Others expressed themselves in a similar manner. For my own part, I can say that an experimental apprehension of the divine presence seemed so to pervade my whole being, that the veil separating the two worlds seemed well-nigh uplifted. My spirit looked out upon that vast concourse as standing upon the verge of eternity, many on slippery rocks, while fiery billows were rolling beneath, liable any moment to take the fearful plunge. Truth appeared to be invested with unwonted spirituality. I have never regarded the tones of the organ as peculiarly desirable in revival services, but as its majestic tones, intermingling with the voices of the people, went up as the sound of many waters, it only seemed to add to the solemn majesty of the scene.

As Dr. P. gave out the hymn, commencing,

"Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,"

I presume there was not one in the house whose heart, if it had spoken out, would not have said in continuation of that solemn hymn,

"A little point my life appears,
How frail at best is dying man;
How vain are all his hopes and fears."

Dr. P. then read the first forty verses of the 12th chapter of Luke, ending, "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He then talked about time as the dressing-room for eternity; and the importance of laying up treasure in heaven if we would not be hurried away, at an unlooked-for hour, from the shores of time, as the fool, who said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

It is my belief that there was not an unconvicted sinner in the house; and Dr. P. desiring that not one might be permitted to leave without having an opportunity to strengthen their convictions by publicly acknowledging the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts, asked that all in the house, who were resolved to seek the favor of God, and all who were enjoying his favor, would signify it by rising, when nearly all the people in the gallery and below rose simultaneously to their feet.

He then asked all those who were seeking pardon, and those only who desired to go and help those seeking ones to the cross would accompany them. Immediately the vestry was crowded with seekers. Probably not more than three minutes had passed before a person went to Dr. P. imploring him to ask the prayers of the congregation for the multitude of penitents in the vestry, and stating that doubtless as many as a hundred were there seeking mercy, and no more could be admitted,—the crowd and heat being so great. Dr. P. then invited the seekers to the communion-rail,

which was quickly filled, and many standing on the outside unable to find a place to kneel. Two seats were afterwards filled with persons seeking mercy, and others were taken to the upper vestry.

Before the meeting closed we have reason to believe that the largest portion of those who sought obtained. The work seemed to be only bounded by our want of room to meet the emergency, and laborers to point them to Christ, the crowd being so dense as to render it seemingly impossible to converse with all the seekers. We need scarcely tell you of the difficulty in bringing the services to a close, but many had come from miles distant, and we regarded it as inexpedient, our own health also considered, to protract the services beyond half-past ten. Since I have been writing, a lady who was present at the services from four miles distant, has come in. Her agony in view of her sins was so great that she was despairing of the mercy of God. She has now gone; Jesus spoke peace to her soul.

"What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep, for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away."

The work is the more extraordinary in view of the fact that religion has been long in a low state in Stroud, and throughout the circuit. The Superintendent tells us that it has seemed impossible to get the people enough aroused to say "Amen" to any petition, however fervent. These are the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes. We are astounded at the magnitude of the work. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous works; and blessed be his glorious name forever and ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory."—Amen and amen.

I have heard no estimate of the number saved within the past eight days, but I am sure hundreds must have received pardon.

The Revival.

London, Oct. 27, 1860.

[New York Correspondence.]

REVIVAL AMONG THE FRIENDS.

THE lover of Jesus is filled with devout thanksgiving and praise, when he knows that any branch of Zion is refreshed with special unction from the Great Head of the church.

Thus we rejoiced at the relation of the divine influences which attended the yearly meetings of Friends, in Ohio and Indiana, in Sept. and Oct.

At the Ohio yearly meeting held at Mount Pleasant there were several evening meetings of the younger members, in which the divine presence was unusually manifested, under which many hearts were bowed in reverent prostration of spirit. One individual confessed that he had entertained sentiments deeply sceptical, but in that meeting he felt constrained to renounce them and covenant with the Lord his God. Many other pleasing evidences were presented before these meetings closed, some of which did not break up until some hours after midnight.

At the Western yearly meeting held at Plainfield, Ind. about two weeks after the above, there were also three meetings of this character, in which, under the constraining love of God, many who had not before publicly acknowledged themselves on the Lord's side were led to confess the name of Jesus, and earnestly seek for the forgiveness of sins; some could joyfully testify of his love to their souls and rejoice in pardoning mercy. These were times of refreshing to many souls, and whilst many were led publicly to testify to the goodness and mercy of God, others on their seats were impelled to a subdued expression of their heartfelt unity to a degree very unusual in the quiet meetings of Friends,—but throughout there was such a sweet solemnity over the meetings as will probably never be forgotten by those who were present.

Probably the most remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit was witnessed

on Sabbath day, the sixth ult., at the evening meeting for worship, during the yearly meeting, Richmond, Indiana, which was an extra one beside the usual services of the day, and was appointed at the request of a number of young friends, especially, as a young Friend's meeting. The day was wet; still, the attendance was large; some three thousand persons crowded into the house in the forenoon, and nearly as many in the afternoon, — whilst meetings in the open air of about one thousand persons were held simultaneously, most of the time under umbrellas, at which the name of Jesus, our only Saviour was proclaimed with power.

One young man appealed to those standing there with much fervency, and stated that five years ago he had listened to the gospel sound on a similar occasion, and was impressed with his need of a Saviour; he prayed to God to deepen that impression; he was answered, and could now testify to the love of Jesus in his soul. Before seven o'clock in the evening some twenty-five hundred persons were assembled in the house at the young people's meeting; the gallery usually occupied by the ministers and elders was almost entirely filled by the junior members, whose manner evinced the earnestness of their spirits. The meeting opened after a short season of deep silent waiting before God, by successive vocal supplications for special and large blessings, which were certainly answered that remarkable evening.

It was said more than one hundred and thirty persons either bowed the knee in prayer or confessed themselves on the Lord's side, by far the larger portion of whom had never spoken before in public; many rejoiced that they had been made willing thus to acknowledge the Saviour. At one part of the meeting, so frequent were the offerings in prayer that a minister suggested the company should not rise but keep their seats in a reverent

frame of mind, and so avoid the noise which rising on their feet occasioned.

Thus delightfully shut in with God, those dear friends remained until after midnight.

A family living some distance from the meeting-house, the children only attended; the evening wore away with the parents at home without care till near twelve o'clock when they began to feel some uneasiness; the mother said, "Let us open the Scriptures, and see what we shall find there for us." She opened and read this clause, "But suffer all things, lest we should hinder the gospel of Christ," which comforted them.

By letters received we learn that the work continues to progress, — those meetings are continued, — and no doubt a general refreshing will be enjoyed by those represented in those meetings.

Tuesday meeting, 54 Rivington St., N. Y.

It is often the language of the heart while in this meeting, "What hath God wrought?"

Here are seated, side by side, deeply interested in the Bible doctrine of holiness, Presbyterians of different shades, from the strict covenanter, to the new-school man, besides all other evangelical names in Zion, ministers, and people, — all breathing forth the same desire for inward purity; acknowledging the claim, "Be ye holy; without holiness no man shall see the Lord." The fame of this meeting has gone to the ends of the earth, and is remembered with holy joy in all climes; and no wonder, for it has done, and is doing, a great work in preparing the way of the Lord, at the very root of the matter; for what can God do in the world without a holy people? How bring about his purposes, to pour out his Spirit on all flesh, except Zion put on the garment of holiness?

At one time a person noticed to us, that six nations were represented that after-

noon ; this may often be the case if observed. The broken German, Norwegian and Swede here give their testimony to the cleansing blood of Jesus. At every meeting, we believe, some are set at liberty, from the thralldom of inward evil, and rejoice in the sanctifying power of God.

Here the church is one, with all the varieties of education and training ; the "central idea," *holiness*, binds in lovely unity the branches of Zion. A young man wound up his clear evidence of a clean heart, by saying he was much indebted to his Methodist brethren for entire salvation, but he was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Our revered friend Dr. Bangs, whose love for holiness was delighted, replied, "Stay where you are brother, and do all the good you can."

At the close of a meeting we said to a Cameronian minister, "How blessed to see such a spirit of love pervading us, of all denominations." With earnestness he replied, "*We are one.*"

No more excision, or suspension of Christian fellowship, because of this doctrine ; it is tolerated, if not promoted by the ministry generally.

Nov. 4. Dr. Bangs was able to be with us this week, though too feeble to be in the crowded rooms ; he stood in the door, in the dignity of his years, and witnessed to the love of Jesus and the precious answers to prayer he receives in his fulness. "Even down to old age will I carry you."

GOD hath many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of his jewels ; and those he especially esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon.
—Leighton.

KINDNESSES are stowed away in the heart, like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

[Original.]

DOCTRINE OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Christ.

ARE any oppressed with temptation to doubt the speciality of divine providence, led to think that perhaps the taking care of minute matters for us, represented by the numbering of the hairs of the head, and the taking care of so small a thing as a sparrow, is all done as by necessity ? That the great plan is so arranged that such small things are disposed of according to regular action, as is dust upon vast machinery ? No, it cannot be. Some evil agency induces in the mind a forgetfulness of these affecting words of our great Redeemer. A remembrance of them would call up the occasion upon which they were brought out upon his sacred lips. It was this very idea that he was giving them ;—that they were taken care of by a power superior to all law,—the hand of the lawgiver, their Father in heaven. They knew before, that the law, for all created beings would include them ; and it was an old doctrine of this law that the righteous had favor and the wicked disfavor. They believed this, most certainly. But the human heart feels the need of personal fatherly care ; a good evidence that such care is to be given its possessor. Law does not provide for all emergencies and peculiarities. That lies in the disposition of the dispenser of law. And our heavenly Father is not as is an earthly father, who is absent sometimes from his children ; and in whose absence, as in his presence, his children must live by law, and perhaps suffer on account of the very order of that law, unless some one of the servants left in charge has provisional, or discretionary power vested in him. Instance : It is the rule that every child old enough, shall be seasonably dressed, and come to the breakfast-room for the morning refreshment, or not have

any. But if a child falls sick, and is not able to come, he must suffer from that very law of his father, until the hand of the special providence of that very father interpose, either in his own person returned, or by the one intrusted to act in such cases according to discretion. It may be that the child got the disability to come to the family table by some act of his own carelessness or wilfulness, and ought to suffer, to teach a better course in future; but who shall decide how much it shall suffer? how long it shall go without nourishment? The law of the house would say, until he will come to it, properly dressed, and at the appointed hour; but that very law of order might keep him fasting until he could never come. But the father has a heart of compassion, and he not only permits food to be carried to him, but feeds the child with his own parental hand, if it becomes very weak, for his heart prompts him, and he has a right to do it, for he is evidently above all laws of his own making. As our heavenly Father is present in every scene, and can order, or do, as his heart of love prompts him, he has no need to invest any one with reserved power. Some persons have, however, much happiness in believing that discretionary power is given to angels, and that they interpose where the regularity of law does not suit our infirmities. But I should feel in a measure fatherless, if I believed that these merciful and tender provisions for our weakness were not fresh from the heart of God. I love to think of the angels as on the wing, ready for an errand as an impulse produced by unseen movements of Divine Love may send them. But to indulge such as wish to have it that everything is done by law, we will admit the idea that angels are endowed with this discretionary power to afford relief in emergencies, and provide for side issues, and that God does it by law in this way, that it is a part of his order established from the beginning that angels should have this work. Yet

the truth remains the same, for these created beings must be ever baptized with his nature and presence, to be able to do it wisely, as he himself would do it. It cannot be our heavenly Father that takes care of us, unless it is done exactly according to his wisdom. But much of what we need of a special providence pertains to the heart mostly, whose wants can be seen only by the Omniscient Eye. We need special appropriations of grace and love from the Father himself, directly to the heart, in special cases, or we should sink where the hand of an angel any more than of mortal could not so much as reach us. I cannot believe in a God of all law and no impulse; or, in other words, I cannot believe that he in whose image we were created has no impulses but those which lie back of the laws that he made in the beginning. His infinite love is fruitful in devising measures of interposition when he deals with frail subjects such as we, who, however much we may seek to know and do his will, cannot see afar off; besides having all the while sinnedistempered beings of our race acting more or less upon our destiny. Is man who does successive voluntary acts of kindness, better than God? It is not saying that God is a being subject to caprice to say that he is a being subject to variation of impulse. Impulse would never result in caprice, nor combine with it in the pure mind of a finite being; much less in a being infinitely wise and holy. What does it avail if one cries unto God as his "elect" do, if no impulse of pity moves him to do more for those who "cry day and night unto him," than he would have done did they not cry so importunately to him? Without question it is all done by law in this sense, that there is a law in his nature which leads him to reward such and such a degree of earnestness for good, with such and such a degree of favor; and this importunity is used by him only as an exponent of earnestness. Then we ask no more of emotion from God than

what comes by this law of his nature, that a certain degree of hearty appeal to him secures a corresponding degree of emotion in our behalf; especially as the silent appeals of an earnest heart are heard by him as readily as are "strong supplications." And to answer these appeals he can use the elements of mind and matter, over and above their established laws, and not interrupt these laws; as he sometimes suppresses the usual action of the winds, and then let them forth in greater power. Man, in his limited sight, fears that God's large plans will come into confusion if he exercises any special care over individuals. Say they, "How can he send rain, especially for those who are suffering drought upon the mountain, without giving too much rain to those who are in the valley below?" How easy for God to let the wind that brings the rain-fraught cloud over the mountain die away before it reaches the valley, or to let some other current divide it as it is passing over, if so he sees best. Or it may be that he sees best to let those in the valley suffer some inconvenience for the sake of the relief of those on the mountain. All things work *together* for God, and not separately. We often have to suffer some for the good of others, at first, though it becomes our good in the end, by weakening within us the love of self. And besides, how easy for our heavenly parent to make up to us in some other way what we have been called to sacrifice in this way, when he sees us in a fit state to receive it. How often it is said it is unreasonable that it should be expected of God to destroy a world; for should one planet be changed at all, in its position and motions, the whole system to which it belongs would come into confusion; as if he could not provision for the change, if he purposed to put a world out of existence, or bring another into existence. A generation has not passed since a planet, either in the process of consolidation, or one in ruins, has been discovered. If there would have been

irregularity produced as these changes have been going on, it has all the while been provided for by the Omnipotent hand. He does not lack any counterbalancing material. So in all the realm of Nature and Grace. If he does all things by law, he does some things by laws that overrule other laws; and the highest of all is the law that exactly adjusts the answer to the appeal which calls for it; and this answer is given in ways as varied as the rays of divine wisdom are multiplied. It is our own littleness that makes us limit God to a few great things. It is so unlike ourselves to be able to attend to things both great and small, that we can hardly conceive of a being capable of arranging suns and worlds, and disposed at the same time to listen to the whispers of a human heart, or the wailings of a forsaken child. Says a great living speaker, "Why are we taught to use the Lord's Prayer, if this world is wound up as a watch is wound, and we are but part of the machinery by which it runs its course?" Why do we ask for "daily bread," if by a law of necessity we shall have just so much and no more?

A STUDENT.

Nov. 1860.

HEAVEN.

O, to be there,
Where never tears of sorrow
Shall dim the eye, nor aching pain nor care
Shall overcloud our morrow!

O, to be there!

O, lovely home!
Thy fragrant, thornless flowers
Droop not, nor die, but everlasting bloom
Crowns all thy golden hours:
O, lovely home!

O, let me go!
Death shall not there dis sever
Our loving hearts. Rivers of pleasure flow
At God's right hand forever:
O, let me go!

For thou art there!
Who unto me hast given
Eternal life, making me pure and fair;
And this to me is heaven,
For Thou art there.

THE UNION OF CHRISTIANS
WITH THEIR LORD.BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOER OF THE WORD
A MISSIONARY."

THE relation which the disciples of Christ hold to their Master, is a topic on which our Lord often dwelt with peculiar interest. In his most ordinary modes of announcing and illustrating this relation, he employed terms decidedly expressive of endearment. But, dismissing even these, as too distant and forbidding, he selects others, which assure the subjects of them, that their dearest interests have a dwelling in his compassionate heart. Henceforth, says he, I call you not servants. The servant is not primarily cared for by the master. He is not admitted to the familiarity of knowing what his lord doeth. But I have called you friends. For all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you. The alliance, proffered in this term, showed his infinite condescension in stooping to be the minister of light to our darkened understandings; the illustrious donor to our meagre stock of spiritual knowledge. And yet, this condescension does not, necessarily, diminish the distance between his character and ours. But there are other expressions which show how his condescension lifts us up, and gives the disciple an inherent and dignified affinity to his Master. I, says he, am the vine; ye are the branches. This not only brings the disciple near, but in some sense makes him a part, one and the same with his Lord. Abide in me and I in you. What relation short of personal identity could be more intimate than this? A branch which is in the vine is so connected with it as to receive a free circulation of its sap. The juices of the branch are the juices of the vine, the same essentially being common to both. This union to Christ makes us so intimately connected with him, that his spirit and temper are our spirit and temper, in like manner as

the characteristics of the vine are the characteristics of the branches. Not that Christians are actually an integral part of Christ; nor that Christ is any such part of the Christian. The branch is not the vine, nor does it perform the same office to the whole. Each has its own and separate functions; and yet both are parts of the same whole, and have strongly marked affinities. This relation is more clearly illustrated by another figure which has received inspired sanction. Christ and his followers compose the head and members of the same system. Now, says the apostle, ye are members of the body of Christ, and each one members in particular.

But the Scriptures express the relation in still other points of view, which serve to cement and confirm the union, implied in the passage already quoted.

The apostle, speaking of Christians under the appellation, children of God, proceeds directly to infer, if children, then heirs. Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. And, another adds, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. It was not enough to give the disciple the distinguished place of members, coworking with Christ as the body works for and with the head. For this would not so clearly show their true elevation in rank. The Christian must be more forcibly assured of the essential nature of this union. And this strong assurance is given in the constitution of heirship with Christ, to an everlasting inheritance in that kingdom, where he now labors as subordinate, whose head is the Lord Jesus. Here is something more than nominal, something more than sensible relationship for the time being. Here is positive possession, running down eternal ages, to show that present union will be cemented, and hold duration, parallel with the promised possession which indicates it.

But heirship with Christ is not the whole proof which the Scriptures afford,

touching the union of Christians with their Lord. When the beloved disciple was in the Isle of Patmos, his eyes were opened to behold things which should be hereafter. And they sang a new song in heaven, saying, thou hast redeemed us by thy blood, and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests. Here is the summit of elevation and dignity attending this union to Christ; they shall reign with him forever and ever. It is the privilege of angels to be ministering spirits sent forth by God; while it is reserved for human beings, who have been redeemed and made heirs with Christ, to sit on thrones hereafter. What more is there for human conception to take in? What more can infinite love bestow in proof, that all true Christians are allied to Christ by a union inconceivably near — indissolubly strong — and immutably permanent? But these are general considerations, within which are embraced particular items of unity, that should not be overlooked. If the disciples are appropriately styled the friends of their Master, there is *similarity* of views. For two cannot long sustain even this alliance, unless they are agreed. If members of the same family, and joint heirs of the same inheritance, there must be a *congeniality* of spirit, inasmuch as there is a unity of interests. If their possessions are identical, their plans and efforts cannot be at variance. And if destined to sit on thrones in the same kingdom, and reign with him, the glory which accrues to one, is, in some sense, the possession of all.

Just here the subject-matter of the present chapter admits of a transition. The transition is naturally from premise to conclusion. Regarding the positions, thus far taken, as scriptural, some productions of a deeply practical character may be fairly made.

To be a Christian is to be like Christ, in all the points which will admit a human being to resemble him who was God manifest in the flesh. The union not

only implies, but renders certain, a similarity of views and feelings. It is said as clearly as language can express ideas, that we cannot be his, unless we possess his spirit. Virtues, which shone with infinite loveliness in him will also light up the character of his followers. They are to bestow heartily their approval where he would sanction. They are to withhold absolutely, where he would disapprove. They will love ardently objects which enlisted his zeal.

This union renders certain a sameness of object. The members cannot be separated from their head in this respect. Since they have the same mind, and the same interests to give that mind direction, their efforts must flow in the same channel, towards the same object; and it is morally impossible that they should be long otherwise, when intelligently and conscientiously exerted. If Christ and those who are united to him, as the branch is to the vine, can have antagonist enterprises to enlist their moral powers, then the same tree can bring forth corrupt fruit and good at the same time. But salt water and fresh do not come from the same fountain. So neither can the same spirit, as existing in Christ and his followers, be the source of efforts which will neutralize each other. Surely those objects, which lie nearest the heart of the master, will most deeply enlist the devotion of the disciples. The head and the hands must sooner come at issue in voluntary labor, than Christ and his followers engage in opposite pursuits. One will follow where the other leads; and that by a law which does not coerce: nay, whose very *freedom binds* with irresistible certainty. As by spiritual instinct, he who is led by the Spirit finds the objects most congenial to his renewed nature; and while his heart beats with the ardor of prosecution, its pulsations make a chord on the same scale of harmony with his Lord.

This union to Christ renders it *certain*,

that his followers will have the *same views which he has, respecting the worth of the soul*. The teacher has asked what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul? While none can give an answer, which shall be an adequate measure of the truth, all Christians do believe the truth contained in the answer. As this question keeps in the advance of human conception, like the directing star, it leads the pious mind onward and onward, in its computation of the soul's worth, until kingdoms, and thrones, and worlds, nay, the universe of worlds, become a speck, a cipher, a nothing in comparison. And when comparison has out-travelled conception, the mind is sure it has hold on a truth which is fastened to the throne of God,—a truth which is felt to be no less real than the divine existence. Is there a possibility that one such soul should be lost? We can easily imagine that a stranger to fallen humanity would anxiously reiterate,—Is it possible that one such soul should be lost? The Christian knows it may be lost,—it will be lost unless saved by the atonement of Christ. But the Saviour not only had an intellectual perception of man's lost condition; his *compassion* was moved. He loved the soul for its intrinsic value; he pitied its folly; he wept over its obstinacy. And so it is said of the true disciple. He believes with the heart. In his view, "perdition of ungodly men" has a significance which reaches to the lowest hell, where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever. "Having no hope, and without God in the world," is, with him, a solemn reality, when applied to the native character of man. Nor is there the least element in this nature, as he views it, which can ever grow into hope, unaided by divine help. He who believes with the heart, feels that the wages of sin is death, temporal and eternal; and all men, as they are born and as they live before renewal, are hard at work

for this reward. Their energies of body and mind have voluntarily gone into servitude, to effect the everlasting ruin of the man whom they constitute. And, unless there be some power above him to break the bondage, and bring him up from this slavery to sin, the man is lost. As the Great Teacher has declared, so the disciple believes, "he is condemned already."

But Jesus wept over guilty Jerusalem. Divine love melted into tears for wretchedness which would not be relieved. And surely, those who sustain to him the relation of branch to the vine, must have similar emotions for kindred obstinacy. In members of that body, of which he is the head, the law of sympathy will not release from deep feeling where he manifested a tenderness rising even to the sublime. The mind which could not refrain from lamentations because men were dying in their sins,—that "same mind," if it be in us, will stir the deep places of the soul, when similar facts are contemplated. With such truth probing the heart, who that is like Christ can hear of the only one way of salvation, and not feel an irresistible desire that *this one way* be made known to all such as are in the broad and certain road to destruction? And the same mind, which is moved by similar views and feelings, will prompt the members to efforts which are in the same line, or rather on the same plane, with those suggested by the head. *The plans of the head are to be carried into execution by the members of the body*. This is a law of action so perfectly established, that a contrary supposition would involve absurdity. As soon may we expect to see the hands and feet reject the decision of the will, and set up for themselves, as to find a consistent Christian disarding the means which Christ has appointed for the spread of his gospel.

Hence, this union with Christ *draws* the believer to the missionary cause, as the appointed means of teaching all na-

tions. That this means is of divine appointment, especially and specifically, we need not now stop to prove. The whole weight of the Christian's character, so far as true zeal inclines him, is this way. His knowledge of the soul's worth, his conceptions of its lost condition, his love for sinners, his desire to relieve misery and promote happiness, all his sympathies are leading him forth to missionary efforts. Every pulsation of Christian love contains the elements of true desire, going out to embrace the world, to bring it humbly at the feet of its Lord.

So does this union of Christians with their head *give them glorious possession in the missionary enterprise*. Being themselves heirs to the same inheritance with him, every accession to his kingdom enlarges their inheritance, and enhances the value of their real estate. Every renewed sinner brings additional glory to Christ. And glory to him is everlasting value laid up for the saints. Surely they have the same kind of interest in his cause that he has. His enemies are their enemies. And every degree of subjugation to him is so much opposition neutralized, and strength secured on their part. A demolished idol, a dying faith in a false deity is positive achievement which the Christian may set down to his own account, as an heir of God. Every new song of the angels over repenting, returning prodigals, is celebrating on high the increasing value of the saints' possession. "The kingdom and dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." Says Paul to the Christians at Corinth, All things are yours;—things present, and things to come. How can they avoid being deeply interested to improve and enhance the value of that portion of their possession which now lies in this world?

Finally union to Christ *binds* the Christian to the missionary cause. And he can no more annihilate the obligation,

than he can shake off the duty of loving God with all his heart. He must blot out his name from the Lamb's book of life; he must tear off the robe of Christ's righteousness, and get himself enrolled a son of perdition, an heir of hell, before he can loose the bonds which hold his interests as identical with the interests of Christian missions.

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

WE weep on earth,—

It is the vale of tears;
Sorrow attends the birth,
And swells with growing years,
Till oftentimes every nerve is broke,
And every heart-string riven,
What voice is that? Who spoke?
"They never weep in heaven."

Who hath not wept

To breathe a sad farewell
To one whose heart hath kept
The seal of friendship well?
The bosom throbbed and heaved a sigh,
Just as the word was given.
Again a voice! 'tis whispering nigh,
"They never part in heaven."

Who hath not wept?

Hope budded,— was in flower;
When to the root there crept
A worm, with blighting power;
Soon all its brilliant leaves were shed,
And in the whirlwind driven,—
It must have been an angel said,
"There is no blight in heaven."

Who hath not wept,

And with a bitter cry,
As the destroyer stepped,
And slew some loved one by?
We felt thy bitter sting, O Death!
For tenderest ties were riven;
Yet triumph still, the Spirit saith,
"They die no more in heaven."

Who hath not wept

O'er memories of the past,
That hasty Time hath swept
Our joys away so fast?
That flowers that bloomed at noon so bright
Were all cut down at even?
Oh! gladly sings the child of light,
"Joys never fade in heaven."

Sigh not of Earth,

But soar, my soul, on high;
Thou art of heavenly birth,
A native of the sky.
Redeemed, renewed by power divine,
For Jesus' sake forgiven,
Thou shalt amongst the brightest shine,
And weep no more in heaven.

WAIF. — NO. II.

BY EUREKA.

"Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."—*Math.* xvii. 21.

THE subject of "fasting" cannot have escaped the attention of the Bible reader, nor the interest of the Bible Christian. But although the text, with many other passages, enjoins it, and although the prophets and apostles, and our Saviour also, set us the constant example of observance, yet it is evident that the modern church, as a whole, has but little, if any faith in it. Why is this? If we examine, we shall be surprised to find in how many passages fasting is associated with prayer, and how often it is exhibited as a distinct means of approaching God.

The practical disregard of Christians may be, in a measure, charitably accounted for.

A gloomy voice comes echoing from the cloisters and deserts of the Dark Ages, — the burden of ascetic superstitions; vigils, fastings, lacerations of the flesh, monkish miracles, constituting a yoke intolerable. In the providential recoil of faith, from all this there has, unfortunately, (perhaps unavoidably for the time being,) resulted a confounding of truth with falsehood, and a rejection of both in a desire to shun but one. The whole field of truth on this subject has been deserted through fear of a dangerous extreme. We forget that the Bible enjoins a legitimate use of what the ancients abused. They ran riot in their imaginings of what God appointed.

If we are not mistaken, the foregoing is one reason why fasting is neglected by Christians at the present time.

But while the Bible plainly teaches the duty of fasting, and sets forth its privileges in many prominent examples, it becomes Christians to study into its nature, and pass no hasty judgment. Is it not possible that neglecting to do so may account for the lack of much vital faith which, if possessed, might enable the Christian now parleying with doubt, to be

named "Israel," for his power to prevail with God?

A few suggestions may be appropriate.

The text links prayer and fasting together, and there are so many relations between them that a right conception of the one leads to an understanding of the other.

With *prayer*, then, we are more familiar; let us trace its leading features, and discover, if we can, their counterparts in *fasting*.

1. Prayer is a work, — not a work of merit, but of faith. Here is a distinction all important, and, for want of its appreciation, many a petition is unsuccessful at the throne of grace. He forgets to forget himself. The heart is deceitful, and unconsciously looks for some merit in itself, or in the petition it offers.

2. Prayer is earnest, sincere, importunate, but never egotistical, never self-congratulatory.

3. Prayer is crowded with faith; but that faith goes outward from itself; it is not a reflex faith. It is not the sacrifice of Cain, but of Abel. It is a cloud of incense rising from the altar of the heart, not heavy, damp mists of selfhood falling back again to envelop the soul. The cloud at last settles, indeed, but always around the brow of Mount Calvary. The merit lies not in the faith itself, nor in the heart from which the faith comes, nor in the object for which the faith pleads, but in Christ,—exclusively, independently, eternally,—in whose name, as it were in whose *person*, faith approaches God. In fact, prayer is only an earnest, successful begging.

Fasting is analogous, in all respects, for could there be two different acceptable methods of approaching Jehovah?

Yet prayer is related to fasting, as a part is related to the whole.

Fasting is prayer prolonged, prayer intensified. Prayer is like stretching forth the hand for a blessing, fasting is *keeping* the hand open long, and anxiously, and expectantly. Fasting requires all the fore-

going components of prayer, but condensed, and wrought into a more powerful form.

In one sense fasting differs,—in self-denial. But no merit lies here, it is only a new phase of faith, or rather of its manifestation, not of its nature. This self-denial is the prayer itself, if joined to a proper spirit. It cuts us off from the world, and leaves us to commune with God only, and press our suit with perseverance. It is following Christ “into the high mountain apart,” and may lead us, unwittingly, to be present at the transfiguration.

Christians who have never *fasted* and *prayed* have much to learn, and much yet to enjoy. They are but dwarfed, no matter how rapid has been their growth in grace. They hardly know what it is to *hunger* and *thirst* after righteousness, and the promise is to such, that “they shall be filled.” They have not yet learned to cast out devils, it may be, from their own hearts,—for “this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.”

[Original.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A BROTHER.

BY R. W.

A Scrap of Experience.

MAY God bless you and yours, as he has been pleased in infinite goodness to bless mine and me.

My present life is a new life indeed. The Bible is *once more* a new book. Seals, that sealed it to me, have been loosed “by the Lamb that was slain,” and I read it with new eyes, and hear it with new ears, and seem to understand it with a new heart; for God has revealed to my soul far higher glories than I had ever known before. I now live, as I may say, in a different world from what I did before. I have almost continual rejoicing in God, and a lively sense of the abiding presence of Jesus Christ.

Nor is this rich and blessed experience for me alone, nor for any favored few; but it is free for all and every one who will come to Christ by simple faith, and receive it from him. It is the blessing of a clean heart, for which David prayed, Ps. 51;—a heart cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ, 1 John;—a heart “kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,” 1 Pet. i.

Do you not wish for such a blessing? If you do, it is for you. Those who do not believe in it, doubtless cannot have it. Those who do, and who hunger and thirst for it, are ripe for it, and may instantly have it. It is an instantaneous thing,—the work of an instant. It came upon me like a pentecostal baptism. It *was* the pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Lord lead you to desire this blessing; to hunger and thirst for it; and then may you receive it in all its blessed fulness, and may your own soul be filled with its heavenly blessedness, as God has granted to me.

A Word of Counsel.

“Learn to see God’s hand in all the events of life, small and great. Learn to see his will most unerringly manifested by these events; for they show forth his will from all eternity. Learn also to bow in perfect submission to his will as thus manifested, in the small and insignificant items that make up a day’s life.

Hear God saying, in every trifling trouble, “It is I;” and therefore, “*be still, and know that I am God.*” Say Amen to it. Say, “Thy will be done,” in every little trial, and vexation, and petty care.

You will then be calm, and patient, and peaceful, and will please God by it, and will use his providence as he intended you should. You will “grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God.”

You will be learning to hear his voice in every breeze; to see his hand in every falling leaf, and to “acknowledge him in all your ways.”

Boston, 14 Blackstone St.

[Original.]

CONFLICTS AND TRIUMPHS.

BRO. DEGEN: A letter received from a sister contains some very interesting statements of experience, which I take the liberty to copy for the "Guide." She is an entire stranger to me, but addressed me as a seeker of the blessing about eight months since.

M. D. W.

"Aug. 20. Oh, what a work God has wrought! When we see our insufficiency, and submit all to God, how gloriously, and in his own good time, is the work accomplished. Oh, how long I have wept and prayed; prayed and wept for the blessing of perfect love; freedom from sin; acceptance through Christ; the unmistakable *evidence* and *knowledge* that I was his, sealed unto the day of redemption, and yet it came not. I have earnestly prayed, expected, looked and waited for it, but as many times have I mourned its absence until recently.

"Oh the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counselor? Who knoweth but himself alone, the path in which we shall walk, when we submit all to God?

"Such have been my trials and temptations, that I should have fainted and fallen back ere this, had it not been for the salutary influence of your epistles, and the strength of your supplications. What reason I have to render thanksgiving and praise unto God for such help. Oh, his boundless love and goodness to me!

"Aug. 26. I had submitted myself, my ways and all to Christ, taking the Holy Spirit as my teacher, guide, reprover, and comforter, and felt happy and safe while walking in the path which I was confident would lead me to perfect love, and the assurance of acceptance through Christ. But in an unexpected moment the enemy approached a place not so

strongly fortified; I resisted, and he retreated; and as I turned away, and sat musing on the victory gained, a soft whisper said, 'There is still danger;' but I mused on, still thinking that my armor was secure, when I was suddenly aroused from the fatal reverie by a well-known voice — 'The enemy is here!' I turned to grasp my sword, but it was gone, together with my shield. The enemy had approached at this unguarded moment, and borne them away in triumph, while I only caught a glimpse of them when too late for recovery.

"Experience alone can know the *sorrow*, the *distress*, the *bitter anguish*, and *repentings* of my soul, as I laid my mouth in the dust, and chid myself and wept. Oh, why was I so careless and stupid? Why did I not look better to my armor, and why did I not heed the soft whisperings of the Spirit-teacher? When too late, I was aroused to see it all.

I now mourned and wept, for prayer was out of the question. I tried to plead, but oh, how I looked, so hateful, so filthy and vile, that for days I loathed myself as I walked about, wishing that I could hide myself from the sight of every one. Sometimes it seemed as though I had committed the unpardonable sin; then again a faint ray of hope would light up the gloom that surrounded me. At length I had occasion to write to an absent brother, but what could I write for comfort when I felt none myself? But in closing I quoted Titus ii. 11—14. They had no particular interest, except a clause of the 14th verse, '*that he might redeem us from all iniquity*;' and as I thought on the time of redemption, these words, as if spoken by an angel, and expressly for me, were applied with such melting power, influence, and glory, as is beyond language to describe: 'Who shall change our *vile body*, that it may be fashioned like unto his *glorious body*? And at the same moment one approached me so gentle, mild, and lovely, smiling with such pity and forgiveness,

and presenting me with my sword and shield again! Ah, think you that *joy* and *gladness* are words sufficiently applicable to express the emotions with which I grasped and fastened my recovered armor anew to my side?

I left my work, and retired to give vent to the overflowing tide of love that now filled my soul, in thanksgiving and praise to God. Tongue nor pen can describe the blessedness, the glory of that LOVE. Experience alone can realize it.

Sept. 3. To-day my faith and confidence remain unwavering, love deep and abiding, my zeal and faithfulness in the cause, firm and resolute. Oh, thanks be to God for the victory given me over my besetments, sectarian influence, and my enemies, so that I can feel that spirit of love, forgiveness, and prayer for them which characterizes a child of God. Oh the height and depth of that love which the Father bestows through Christ! May its divine power increase daily in my soul, while life remains. How can I refuse to love and obey him who has done so much for me? How think of withholding from him that which is not mine, — *myself*, — for he has bought me with a price, and I am his, — *wholly his*, by creation, preservation, redemption, and by adoption, and amidst all the storms and trials that are yet before me. I expect through Christ to overcome, and finally, with the redeemed, to unite in the song, "*Worthy is the Lamb!*" Oh, the unbounded love of God in the plan of redemption!"

PREMATURE DECAY. — "As it is a miserable condition to see the faculties of our bodies buried before us and to survive long after them; so it is a fair and natural conclusion of our life, when the senses are by little and little laid asleep, that the dissolution of the whole may immediately follow." — *Bacon*.

For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law. — *Prov. iv. 2.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

"What a wearisome world indeed this often is, in which we live," said the young and gifted Mrs. M. to her friend, as they sat, at the close of the day, in the window of the hotel where they were sojourning for a season, with many others, fellow-seekers after health from the healing waters of a neighboring spring.

"I am surprised to hear *you* speak in that way, Mary. It is not strange that the poor and wretched should be desponding, but for you, on whom have been lavished wealth, talents, beauty, position, advantages without number, and affection's richest gifts, to speak of this life in such sad tones, it surprises me; of all my acquaintances I consider you most fortunate."

"Listen a moment, and I will quickly demolish the stately pile which you have erected with sounding words. On which of all these which you have mentioned shall I lean my head for perfect repose and comfort in my hour of need? Is any one of them, — are all of them together satisfying? I have wealth; but wealth brings cares, and is treacherous withal. If I trust in it for happiness, I trust in that which may at any moment take to itself wings and fly away. I cannot rest in it. An element of the transitory destroys peace. I have talents. Yes, I thank God daily for them. But talents impose responsibility, and demand toil. I often fail to fulfil the duties they bring, and then I suffer. Anxiety, and repentance for misuse, are the accompaniments of talent.

"I have beauty, you say. It fades daily. If I bestowed a thought upon it, it would be to mourn its sure decay.

"I have friends. A husband true and loving as woman ever rejoiced in; children dutiful and winning; parents, brothers, sisters. The wise and good have, from childhood, surrounded and blessed me. Can my aching heart lean with perfect

satisfaction on these? My husband has often a cloud of care upon his brow, and when I turn to him I must share that care, and instead of resting from all weariness in his love, must often strive to afford him repose by diverting him from his sorrow. My children, the thought of them is sweet indeed. They are sunbeams on my path of life. But oh, what anxieties fill my soul for their temporal and eternal future! What mother, alive to the allurements and snares of this contaminating world, can look on the fair faces of her unconscious babes, without trembling fears? I find no rest there.

"Look into the home of my childhood, and see the feeble steps of my idolized father, the careworn brow of my loving mother. Is there peace in the certain prospect of being soon bereft of such parents as you know mine to be? Send your thoughts to the homes of my brothers and sisters. You cannot fail to see the hectic deepening daily on the cheek of the one most loving and beloved in more than one household. Remember the past. Count the headstones in the silent gathering-place. Call back the hours of watching, and care, and anguish, that have been mine. Is there anything better in the promise of the future?"

"My brothers,—you say I surely may find a leaning staff in them. Noble by nature, rich in affection, cultivated,—all this they are, but alas! without God and without hope in the world. The sister who turns to the thought of them for comfort, will find she must flee farther, even to the mercy-seat of a forgiving God, and plead with strong crying and tears, that they make not eternal shipwreck.

"I have many friends among the choice spirits of earth, who I know will shine as the stars forever and ever. But they are not always near when my heart needs refreshment, and they also for the present tabernacle in clay, so that we often find ourselves forced to *anticipate* the communion of the saints in the New Jerusalem,

as our only real satisfaction of friendship.

"Besides these, I give you leave to gather together whatever earth has to bestow on me, and clothe all in the richest hues which a vivid imagination can furnish them. Put in the balance against them, this painful body, with its infirmities and disabilities, and reckon into the account the daily cares and duties of life; consider that I never see a day of respite from physical suffering; and that, whatever I undertake, must be performed at disadvantage; that aching limbs and unstrung nerves forbid buoyancy and alacrity, and take from labor all its enjoyment. You know also that it must be always thus. Answer now; do you wonder that I sometimes call this a wearisome world?"

"I cannot deny that all you say is true. I have not thought of it in this way before. Still, it does not strike me pleasantly to hear you speak thus. I cannot think it quite right."

"Wiser and better than I have written 'vanity and vexation of spirit' on the best things of earth, and pronounced the 'elements' of this world's happiness 'beggarly.'"

"Are you then utterly discontented and unhappy?—you, whom we have always thought so much to be envied! I know you have suffered and been bereaved, and do still suffer, but, I cannot tell why, I never think of you with pity, or as needing sympathy."

"No; I am not at all discontented, nor in the least unhappy. I see and *realize* that every earthly joy is fleeting and perishable, and I know that health will never renew its pleasures for me. But there is nothing in my lot to call forth pity, or require sympathy. I do not complain. I have no cause."

"I cannot understand you."

"Did you ever see a little child playing, hour after hour, among its blocks and toys; making endless variety out of its small store, and singing in the fulness of

its happiness? Let night come with its weariness, and stop the song, and destroy the pleasure. Try now to amuse the little thing, and silence its fretful cry with those same toys which were all-sufficient an hour ago. Have they any charm left? But the mother comes in. She has heard the little wailing voice. Does she bid her child satisfy itself with its playthings and be good? Not at all. She sits quietly down by the glowing fire, she lifts the babe into her lap, and rocks gently to and fro, singing a low song. Are there any more tears? Is that child, with its head reposing on the faithful mother's loving breast, its eyes closing in sleep, an object of pity to you? Do you think it needs toys now?

"That child am I. In every hour of weariness and ennui, in every time of trouble and pain, just such a resting-place is mine. What matter of regret is it to me that every earthly thing is unsatisfying, when I have but to turn to my Saviour's breast, and close my eyes to them all and repose in perfect peace? Enfolded in his arms I am unconscious of want. The child, having its mother, had all. I, having my Lord, ask nothing more.

"How glad your heart was for that weary little one, that it had a loving mother. You would have pitied it indeed, if it were forced to find all its comfort from blocks, and pewter cups, and dolls, and cry itself to sleep among them unsoothed, its real wants unknown and uncared for.

"So you can hereafter rejoice for me, and pity me not at all, even when I sometimes give expression to weariness and pain. The things of earth are not my portion. I enjoy them far more than most who possess them, but when they fail, as they surely must to satisfy and comfort the immortal soul, I am not left to their dreary ministry. The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and I sleep, soothed by love fonder than a mother's, and better able to

defend from all evil than any earthly father's.

"My Lord and my God."

"How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee."

Tract Journal.

[Original.]

THE SOUL'S LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

BY E. W.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling streams;
As thirsts the traveller o'er the burning sand,
For the refreshing shade and living spring;
As sighs the exile for the loved embrace
Of sire and mother, home and kindred dear,
So pants and sighs, O God, this heart of mine,
For thee and purity.

In vain the world,
Bedecked with fashion's gaudy tinselry,
With winning smile, invites my laboring heart
To join her feasts of mirth to find content.
Ambition, too, has tried her artful wiles
To still with worldly hopes this yearning cry,—
But all in vain. All earthly hopes are lost,
Are swallowed up by this deep soul-desire.
All earthly happiness I count but dross,
And willingly, while still the earnest cry
And craving of my heart is holiness.
Why is this inward thirst, my Father, why
This deep, intense desire for purity;
This constant, yearning cry of soul, "Create
In me, O God, a clean, a holy heart;"
If, in that fount for rebel sinners oped,
I seek in vain for grace to purify?
Thou 'st told me in thy word, "The blood of Christ
His son doth cleanse from all unrighteousness."
Oh, hast thou in thy word and promise failed,
Or failed in power? Hast thou, my God, inspired
Within this soul of mine a bitter thirst,
With naught to satisfy; a longing for
A good thou canst or will not grant? Silence,
My heart, the impious thought. It cannot be.
That blood for thee on Calvary's summit shed,
Is full to-day, and free, and powerful,—all
To save, e'en to the uttermost, the soul
That comes with faith to lave beneath its flood,
As when of old a Peter, Paul, or John
Were "cleansed," "made free by" its all-healing
power.

Take, then, my soul, by humble faith the gift,
The blood-bought gift. No longer doubt his power,
Or slight his love, but yield to him at once
Thine all,—a willing, holy sacrifice.
So shall thy joy increase, and brighter far
Shall grow the light that shines along thy way,
Till, in that land above, where all is love,
And joy, and purity, thy light is lost
In heaven's eternal day.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1861.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

WITH devout gratitude to God for the unnumbered mercies of the past, we extend to our readers the hand of Christian fellowship, and bid them a happy New Year. God bless you, one and all;—bless you with all needful temporal good, that from him you may have those things which shall keep you from exposure to the temptation of a repining or fretful spirit;—bless you with a heart to give from a full storehouse, if you have it, to those who are so tempted;—bless you with a heart of gratitude for all you have, and a spirit of cheerful submission in all you lack of what may *seem* necessary for your well-being.

In reviewing the past year we desire, first of all, to render thanks to the infinite Father of all mercies for the privilege of our labors in connection with the Guide. They have been, at times, quite perplexing, and never entirely satisfactory to ourselves; they have been attended by a sense of responsibility which has driven us often to the secret place of wrestling with God, where alone strength could be found; yet they have been accompanied with rich spiritual blessings to our own hearts. We have felt, as we have read and reread, line by line, the communications of our contributors, and as we have dipped our pen in ink to express the thoughts of our own minds, that we indeed did believe that the doctrine of a present, full salvation was the truth of God; we have felt an increased assurance that this blessing was our blessing, by grace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be all the glory now and forevermore. We thank God for the evidence, from time to time sent us, that other hearts than ours have been stimulated to increased faith and love by our pages. Some such have passed, during the year, into the most holy place,—into the presence of the Lamb,—where they know of a fulness impossible to the dwellers in the militant church. To those still walking in fellowship with us, and to all who are added to the number of our readers, we desire to express our wish for the continued blessing of God;—upon our own hearts and hand,—that our heart may be full of divine love to give the ready pen to our hand;—upon you, beloved, that our monthly visits may find you filled with all the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Bear with our errors of judgment, we beseech you. Pray that we may never lack the unction from the Holy One. Let us wrestle together at the throne of grace for the extension of the work of perfect purity in the church; and supplicate, we entreat you, the Lord of the harvest to raise up many more faithful laborers in his vineyard, and to give the abundant ingathering of souls. Let

us ever unite in rendering ascriptions of praise “unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.”

GEN. O. H. KNAPP.

This beloved brother, known to a large circle of friends in this country and in England as an indefatigable laborer in the cause of holiness, departed this life on the 27th of November, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 56 years.

He was a native of New Hampshire, but removed, in the commencement of his legal profession, to Ohio, where he filled many honorable and responsible offices. Animated by an unsanctified ambition, he was greatly flushed with the success of his political party in the election of Gen. Harrison to the presidency; but the death of that great and good man so soon after his election, and the consequent defeat of all his hopes was a blow that made him feel most sensibly the vanity of all earthly glory. With Bible in hand, he gave himself up to a week of prayer and religious reflection. It was a little like Napoleon's twelve hours at Fontainebleau. He came out of his retirement with the current of his ambition changed heavenward, and from that period the Bible to him was the book of books. Of his acquaintance with the sacred volume, and the diligence with which he studied it, he has left an enduring monument in the work recently issued from our press, entitled “The Marrow and Fatness of the Gospel; or, the Bible Guide to a Holy Life,” of which he was the author. He now enjoyed a happiness in the love of Christ and his pardoning favor he never knew before.

While travelling a few years afterward he met, in a hotel, Mrs. Palmer's “Way of Holiness.” He read and pondered its truths; he felt a need of an abiding in Christ which he knew not. A while after, he visited this “convincing author,” and then formed a friendship which lasted with life. His mind was not cleared of its difficulties immediately, and Mrs. P. addressed to him a series of letters, which are found in her “Faith and its Effects.”

The last five years of Gen. Knapp's life were passed in London, whither he went on temporal business; but the Great Head of the Church intended him for a higher work. Rejoicing himself in gospel fulness, he labored to bring others into the same state, and many were brought through his instrumentality to taste the sweetness of heart purity. He there formed links of holy Christian friendship, stronger and more numerous than in any other place where he had sojourned in his Christian life. Some of those friends, whose faith is strong, and vision into the unseen clear, will rejoice that he has escaped from the prison-house of clay; and others will weep because they will see his face no more. After the flight of the

spirit, we notice what have been its latest aspirations and leanings. He was, the last few months since his return to his native land, frequently humming or singing with his melodious voice, "The Shining Shore." The last Sabbath evening he spent on earth, he had his little boys with him alone in his room, singing this beautiful hymn. Another of his favorite hymns was, "I lay my sins on Jesus." "Glory to the Lamb," was also a sweet strain to him.

He had walked a long distance to church on this the coldest day of the season; and afterward spoke of pain about the region of the heart, to which he again adverted on the following Monday. In the evening of that day he attended family prayer as usual, with one verse of the "Shining Shore,"—the last time his voice was raised at the family altar.

On Tuesday he was in much pain, taking remedies without relief, until between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, in an unexpected moment, he ceased to breathe, while medical skill and the tenderest affection were ministering, in the hope of relieving his sufferings. But naught could prolong the spirit when the summons was sent from above, "Enter into thy rest," and we will in silent submission say, "Thy will be done." It was afterwards ascertained that his death was occasioned by a rupture of the heart.

The suddenness of our brother's call is an impressive comment on the solemn warning, "Be ye also ready, for, in an hour ye think not, the Son of man cometh." His plans had been laid and all arrangements effected for his becoming a joint editor of our magazine. His first editorial (a salutatory) had even been written for the January number; but the second mail after its reception brought us the sad tidings of his death. We shall not soon forget how elated he appeared, after all preliminaries had been arranged, at the prospect of devoting the remnant of his life to the cause of holiness; how actively his mind planned future operations, and with what heartiness he entered upon their execution. But the Master had need of him elsewhere.

He has entered into his rest, and his works do follow him. Brother Knapp has left the best of testimony behind him,—an upright life, a holy conversation, and an unwavering faith. We believe his spirit was beneath the atoning merits of Jesus, which alone purifies from all guilt, and justifies the soul before the throne of God.

Beloved, let us so live that, with our brother, we may be able to testify: "I have the inward testimony that should I this instant be called from earth I shall be forever with the Lord."

We bespeak for the widow and children the earnest prayers of God's people. They bow with submission to the stroke, but keenly feel the weight of the blow. May our sympathizing Saviour press them to his heart of love, and comfort them with the consolations of God, which are neither few nor small.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

ENOCH.

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him."—*Gen. v. 24.*

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."—*Heb. xi. 5.*

A FEW strokes of the pen of inspiration begin and end the written history of Enoch. But these convey truths of the most interesting and important character. Jude (v. 14) declares that he was a prophet, and spake of the coming of the Lord with ten thousand of his saints. We are naturally surprised at the announcement that an antediluvian preached upon the second coming of Christ. But the three prominent facts of his history are, first his holiness, second his faith, by which he attained this distinguished holiness, and third, the honor conferred upon him in his translation.

His holiness was remarkable (1) in its degree. "He walked with God." "He pleased God." These declarations teach that the two were agreed. Enoch's will was evidently wholly conformed to God's will. They walked together as friends, the finite creature leaning upon and confiding implicitly in the condescending Creator. (2) His holiness was distinguished for the length of time by which it was tested. It was at least during three hundred years. This to us seems like a long trial of faith amidst worldly conflicts. But Enoch wearied not in it. The length of the way did not dishearten him. Indeed, doubtless it seemed short, *because* he walked with God. Pleasant company makes us forget the tediousness of an extended journey. Like the disciples going to Emmaus with the Lord, his heart ever burned within him, while He with whom he walked unfolded to his attentive mind eternal truths. It was marked (3) by the little aid he received from outward circumstances. It was a wicked generation; so Jude intimates, and so the subsequent universal spread of corruption teaches. The antecedent examples of holy living by which his faith received encouragement must have been few. His opportunities of fellowship with kindred minds were doubtless very limited. Anything like a general regard for the Sabbath at that time can hardly be supposed. And, although his walk with God brought light upon his spiritual pathway, yet the records of God's will had not commenced. Yet Enoch pleased God. Enoch's faith stood in inseparable connection with his holiness. The Old Testament record says nothing of this. Yet with gospel knowledge of the way to please God, it might be inferred. His faith was eminently "the substance of things hoped for." It took hold of things promised which yet lay in the far distant future, and made them practically live in the present.

He saw Christ not only in his incarnation and death, but in his resurrection, ascension, and return to judgment. Faith lent to him its realizing light. By it he saw and rejoiced in the good things to come.

Thirdly, we have a wonderful fact in Enoch's history. "He was not, for God took him." He did not die, but was somehow, in the goodness and power of God, taken to heaven without travelling through the valley and shadow of death appointed for other men. *Why*, we cannot tell. We may infer that it was that a lasting record might thus be made of God's pleasure at his holy walk. It may have been, if his translation was witnessed, as was Elijah's, to show the men of his generation more fully than they had before been taught, that there was a future state, thus confirming what Enoch had preached. To us, enlightened by subsequent revelations, his translation is a great stimulus to faith in the unseen world; and its connection with his walk with God is one among the many proofs that without holiness we cannot see him.

THE SELF-DENIAL BOX.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."
—*Matth. xvi. 24.*

At the present time, while there are so many destitute of the mere comforts of physical life, and many more who are perishing for a knowledge of life in Christ, self-denial eminently becomes the disciples of Christ. There should be in every Christian family a self-denial box, such as is referred to in the following incident.

"At an annual missionary meeting in London, in 1847, one of the speakers related some facts in regard to a juvenile missionary society in his own congregation, called the 'Youthful Branch Society.' Children not more than eight years old belonged to it. One of these came to his mother saying, 'We have some things we can spare in the course of the year; may we put them into the box for the missionaries, and call it the self-denial box?'"

THE LUST OF OTHER THINGS.

"The lust of other things entering in choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."—*Mark iv. 19.*

A returned missionary, who labored many years among the Indians of the Far West, related to us in substance the following incident. After a stirring appeal to a party who were preparing for a hunting excursion, in which Christ was set forth, and the importance of immediate salvation in him was urged, the missionary received the following reply.

"You see we are busy with our hunting now. We hunt, then we hear you." It was urged that they might never return from the hunt; the only reply was, "We hunt now." And so it was with the men of the parable of our Lord. One desired the things of his farm, and

another those of his merchandise. The mind, preoccupied with "other things," gives no opportunity for the good seed to produce fruit. It were well if Christians looked to the teachings of the Word in this matter.

POSTURE IN PRAYER.

BY PROF. HACKETT.

"And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed."—*Luke xxii. 41.*

The common attitude of worshippers in the East is kneeling, with the upper part of the body now erect, and then thrown forward so as to bring the head in contact with the earth; they alternate between the one posture and the other. In this case, it will be observed, the worshipper remains on his knees, even when he bends forward, with his face to the ground or the floor. It is remarkable that three of the Evangelists, in speaking of the posture of the Saviour, during his prayer in the Garden, use three different expressions. Luke says that our Lord knelt down; Mark (xiv. 25) that he fell upon the earth; and Matthew (xxvi. 39) that he fell upon his face.

In regard to the last two writers, the variation seems to be verbal; but how are they consistent with Luke? It is quite possible that their different expressions refer to different parts of the same act. The Saviour, habituated to the customary forms of worship, may have bowed his knees, and, without changing that position, may also have stooped forward, and inclined his face to the earth. This explanation conciliates entirely the Evangelists with each other, and accords with the manner in which prayer is still offered. In Genesis xvii. 3, it is said that Abraham, as he worshipped God, "fell upon his face" before him. This may have been a similar act, including the kneeling as well as the prostration, though the latter only is mentioned. Another view is, which appears to me less simple, that our Lord knelt down at first, and then afterwards, as he became more earnest in his supplicating, changed his posture, and lay prostrate on the earth.

THE MEASURE OF OUR PROFIT IN HEARING GOD'S WORD.

"Take heed what ye hear. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given."—*Mark iv. 24.*

There is a measure received in judging. It is according to the judgment with which we judge. (Matt. vii. 2.) There is also a measure meted to the giver. It is according to his giving. (Luke vi. 38.) And so the measure of our profit in hearing God's word is determined by the attention rendered it. The heart that has received it to profit shall be enlarged, thereby to receive more profit; and to the ear which has listened attentively shall further revelations of truth be made.

The inquiry which most concerns us, then, in turning away from the house of God, is not whether the preacher has been eloquent, but whether we have been attentive. We should ask not *only* whether the truth has been faithfully preached, but whether it has been devoutly heard.

An old gentleman of our acquaintance, whose attendance upon the worship of God's house is not interrupted by unfavorable weather, nor by slight ill-health, was once asked, at the close of the Sabbath, if the preaching of the day had been blessed to him. "I have not heard an unprofitable sermon for forty years," was the reply. It may be inferred that the congregations with which he has met in that time have not wanted a prayerful and attentive hearer.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM.

Ye who dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty; who are accustomed to talk with God as a man would converse with his friend; who, walking in the light and doing no iniquity, not only have confidence toward God, but power to prevail in prayer, enter into your chambers and pray, that in this day of confusion the wrath of man may be made to praise him;—that the commotions of the world may be overruled to his glory, and that our favored country may be spared the judgments which are suspended over her. Amid the surges of popular feeling, dearly beloved, lose not your recollection in God. This done, and your strength is gone. The church, the country, and the world at this time need nothing so much as *men* mighty in faith and prayer. Whatever clouds darken the sky, remember that He rides above them all. Let your faith abide.

"Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms and afflictions beneath."

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

The Christian Advocate and Journal, of Dec. 6, contains an extract from a London magazine for November, concerning the labors of this beloved brother since he left this country for England, last July. We copy a part of it.

"Mr. Caughey is laboring with us here at present in Liverpool, and with his usual success. The sword of truth seems quite as sharp in the hearts of sinners as in bygone years. Oh, but these are wonderful scenes,—sinners instantaneously arrested and awakened! Sobs, groans, and cries on every hand, with many tears, as if in one short hour they most surely expected to be among those who are weeping and wailing in hell. But the change wrought in these by sim-

ple faith in the atoning blood, is more amazing still. All glory be to God, is the language of many hearts. Some seven or eight hundred persons, I believe, have been made partakers of the great salvation; a large proportion are from the world. Many have been purified and made white, and others who were members of the churches have obtained the forgiveness they ought to have enjoyed years before. Many poor backsliders have returned to the fold."

The writer of the above adds some interesting incidents illustrating the success of Mr. Caughey's labors "out of doors" as well as in. The seed sown during some of his walks of recreation have been productive of instantaneous and most wonderful fruit.

THE JUNIOR EDITOR,

Whom we introduce to our readers in this number, has laid upon our table a brief, but a heart-stirring and cheering sermon, which we shall publish next month.

CONDENSE.

We have quite a number of valuable communications on hand, which we shall publish as soon as we can find room. Some of them are delayed because they need much trimming to adapt them to our columns. This is particularly the case with several communications on personal experience. Brief, pithy, spirited articles are most popular with the editors, and most profitable to our readers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses of O. R. I. we must most respectfully decline. A few years under a private teacher would avail our correspondent more in pointing out defects than any criticism we could pass.

The "Two Marys" too late for the present number.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LOVE WINS LOVE.

"MOTHER, the birdies all love father," said a little boy of five summers, as he stood with his mother, watching the robins, who were highly enjoying their morning meal of cherries from the old tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father, Charlie?"

"Oh, yes! I love him, and you love him, but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this question. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "all the creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know, always comes to

him, and seems to know exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow follows him all round the meadow, and the other day I saw her licking his hand, just as a dog would. What can be the reason, mother?"

"Think, Charlie, — try and find out a reason yourself."

"I think it is because father loves *them*, mother. You know he will often get up, when he is tired too, to give pussy something to eat if she is hungry, and he pulls carrots for the cow to eat from his hand, and pats her, and talks to her, and somehow I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice sounds pleasant when he is talking to his little boy."

Charlie smiled. "Father loves me," he said, "and I love him dearly. He loves the birds, too, I am sure. He whistles to them every morning when they are eating cherries, and they are not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost near enough to catch them. They look at him with their funny little eyes, and chirp and eat away just as if they knew he liked to see them. I wish you could hear him whistle to the '*bogalinks*,' as little Mamy calls them. They come and sit on a twig, close by him, and sing so loud, and make such funny noises. It always makes me laugh to hear him try to do as they do. Mother, I wish everything loved me as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things, and be kind to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens, nor try to frighten the cow. Never throw stones at the birds. Never hurt nor tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly to them. They know as well as you do who has a pleasant voice. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everybody that knows you will love you too." — *Tract Journal*.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

NIGHT is over: light is streaming;
Through my window-pane 'tis come;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear, happy home,
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.

Night is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

Night is over: heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

BOOK NOTICES.

MILLENNIAL EXPERIENCE; or God's Will known and done. By Rev. ALMON UNDERWOOD. Boston: Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill.

The author presents his subject under the following general divisions: Part I. The manifestation of God's will from moment to moment needful. Part II. The provision. Part III. How secure the provision. Part IV. Evidences. Part V. Objections considered.

Part first is occupied with truths generally conceded by evangelical Christians, and is preparatory to what follows. Part second is a clear statement of the Bible teachings on the subject discussed. The chapters and sections under this head are well arranged to lead the devout and candid reader to the conclusions of the infallible Word, that the whole will of God may be known and done from moment to moment by the believer. Part third is, in our judgment, the most able and soul-stirring portion of the work. No man could have written it who had not himself known somewhat of the experience, the way to which he so forcibly portrays. Under the fourth part the author treats the subject of the witnesses to the fact of the attainment of the blessing, among which, and foremost, he places the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost.

The whole subject is well written, and thoroughly discussed. We hail with gratitude the appearance of the work as a valuable contribution to the literature of the "Higher Life;" and especially as a work written by a minister of a denomination who are likely to receive it from the stand-point of the author, without the prejudice which other modes of presentation have excited. We rejoice that entire sanctification is taught by it, in its essential features, and presented in an aspect by which it is likely to gain new friends.

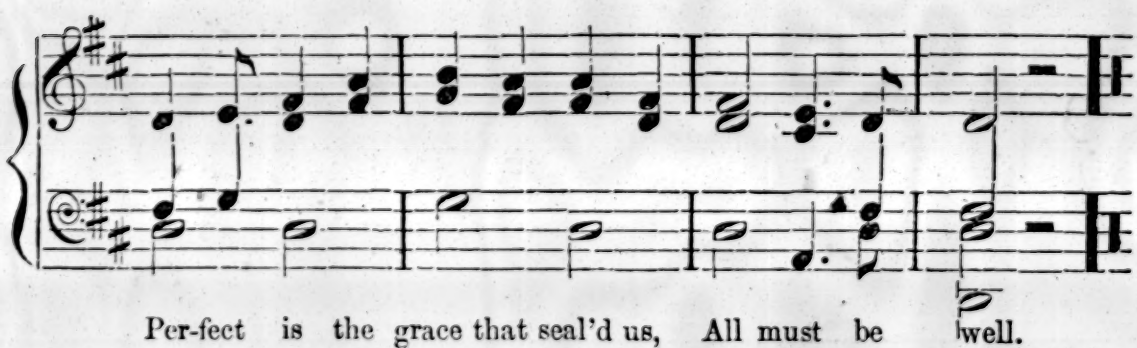
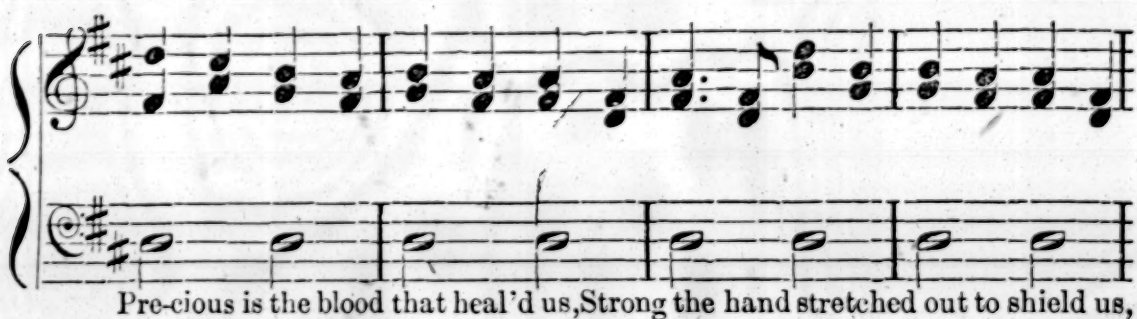
THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN. Memorials of Eliza Hessel. New York: Carlton & Porter. For sale by J. P. Magee, Boston.

We have always regarded Christian biography as one of the most efficient methods of teaching divine truth, especially that portion which is essential to spiritual life and eternal salvation. The Bible deals largely in this mode of bringing men to Christ and heaven. The biography of Eliza Hessel is worthy of a place among its many valuable predecessors. She was a woman of more than common mental endowments and culture. She served God with a pure spirit fervently.

LADY'S ALMANAC, 1861. Boston: Chase, Nichols, & Hill. New York: Phinney, Blakeman, & Mason. Philadelphia: T. B. Pugh. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory, & Co. Cleveland: Ingham & Bragg. Detroit: Raymond & Lapham. St. Louis: E. K. Woodard. Savannah, Ga.: J. M. Cooper & Co.

This is a perfect gem in its mechanical execution, and the taste displayed in its literary matter. It contains, besides much entertaining reading, many valuable records of permanent value.

ALL, ALL IS WELL.



2. Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.
 Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy through the spirit's guiding —
 All must be well. —

3. We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well, —
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well. —

TRANSFORMING POWER OF COMMUNION WITH GOD.

A SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"But in all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

EVERY man is like his associates. "Tell me," said one of the old philosophers to a young man, — "Tell me who your companions are, and I will tell you who you are." An interview with a stranger, of only a few minutes, is generally sufficient to inform one of the grade of his associations, with very little liability of misjudging. An ignorant, degraded youth, providentially thrown into a circle of associates much above his own level, begins at once to approach the standard of his new friends. This he will certainly do if he really and heartily associate with them. Whenever two persons of unequal character begin to associate, we may safely prophecy that one of several things will happen:—the superior will bring his friend up to his standpoint, or the inferior will degrade the former to his, or the parties will soon discover such mutual repugnance to each other as to make further association intolerable, and they will fly apart. Should the parties in such a case, before learning each other's character, bind themselves together for life, they will have laid the foundation for lifelong discomfort and sadness. The rule, however, seems to be universal, that they who voluntarily associate will necessarily approach each other in character,—the stronger usually moulding the weaker to its own standard.

This powerful means of moulding character is the one recognized in the text, which affirms that a moment beholding of the glory of God has the effect upon the beholder of drawing him upward toward that glory,—that excellence of moral character.

By the glory of the Lord is doubtless meant his holiness. Holiness in God is perfect and eternal purity,—the complete, perpetual absence from his nature of all defilement,—all obliquity of character, and the presence and fruition of all excellence. God's holiness is seen in the delight he manifests in the contemplation of holiness in any of his creatures; in his universal opposition to all sin; in the eternal rewards which he has affixed to righteousness, and the everlasting banishment from himself which he has denounced against the impure and the unholy. Holiness in the Divine Being does not appear so much a distinct attribute, as an all-surrounding, all-penetrating glory, which permeates all the divine perfections, and sheds its radiance afar, so that all the hosts who contemplate him adoringly, are smitten with the divine effulgence and cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!" This is "*the glory of the Lord.*"

The text speaks of our "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord." Beholding *as in a glass*; not as in a transparency, I take it, but as in a mirror,—a reflector. "No man hath seen God at any time;" no man has had a direct, unobscured vision of the Eternal Elohim; but we behold his glory in a reflector. God reveals himself to man in his works,—in his providence,—in the work of his Spirit upon the heart,—in his word,—in his Son. In these, while in meditation and prayer, we behold as in a mirror the glory of the Lord.

To behold is a stronger term than *to see*,—stronger than *to look*. It signifies the act by which I put all other things aside, and concentrate all my power of attention upon one object. To behold the glory of the Lord in this sense, implies the attainment of a habit of mind in which the thought goes back to God from every diversion, as the needle back to the pole.

Our thoughts mould our characters; especially the thought around which the

mind lingers, and which it entertains with pleasure. While the thought habitually turns to God, the life will always be a progress toward him. 'Tis easy serving God while the heart delights in contemplations of his character; but so long as a man's thoughts turn away instinctively from God, to dwell on objects that are earthly and sinful, it is at least very difficult to serve him at all, and it is impossible to maintain a healthy, steadfast piety. Of the wicked man David said, "God is not in all his thoughts;" while of his own heart he said, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved." Isaiah said, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is *stayed* on thee, because he trusteth in thee." That is it! The habit of mind by which when the soul gets to God it *stays* there, and waits, and looks, and believes, and loves, and lives in his presence and smile. Happy the man who thus finds his centre in God; whose thoughts ever gravitate toward him; returning gladly from every needful excursion to the contemplation of a character infinitely perfect, and finding itself lifted up by the power of a divine attraction toward the Object it contemplates. Good men in every age have been remarkable for this habitual heavenward tendency of their thoughts; and it is doubtless true that no man ever attained eminent goodness who was not characterized by this mental habit.

The power of thought to mould character is recognized in Paul's exhortation to the Philippians. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, *think on these things.*" How obvious is the good sense and philosophy of such a direction.

The books which one reads are equally certain to affect the mind of the reader

according to their own particular character. The question is not merely, — not mainly whether a book is true or false, but what is the character of the images it imprints on the imagination of the reader? Does it treat of what is pure, and lovely, and honest, and of good report, as well as true, or does it detail the expedients and successes of villains and debauchees? The claim and the proof that a book is true to historic fact are absolutely of no weight whatever in an inquiry into its suitability for the family library. It may be true as any biography upon the shelf, and yet it may store the memory with a class of facts which, from their very nature, it can never turn to good account; and it may so inflame the imagination as to prepare the reader for the foulest outrages, and drive him on to infamy and hell. God's decision is that the name of the wicked shall rot; and the man who takes that rottenness up and proposes to serve it out for the mental food of another generation, commits a crime against society, and an offence against God, of fearful magnitude. Read the life of Luther, of Knox, of Fletcher, of Edwards, of Summerfield, and mark the effect upon yourself as you read on. How your soul begins consciously to draw toward the characters you thus contemplate. Thus it is that the company you keep, the thoughts you entertain, and the books you read, possess the power to mould your character, and will certainly do it.

But there is no force which can be brought to bear upon the human heart so powerfully moulding as deep and constant communion with God. In God, character is found infinitely exalted, glorious, perfect. Of two characters in friendly contact, the stronger will always mould the weaker. God's omnipresence makes his companionship everywhere and at all times available, and hence the force of the declaration, — "we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image"

from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

I must not dismiss this branch of the subject without reminding you how large a share of our time we may each of us spend in direct intercourse with God; either by reading, or by prayer and meditation. What hours, and days, and years that are now squandered by the great mass of God's professed people, might be spent in reading and in prayer; and as to meditation, there is room for that everywhere. Excepting here and there a very brief period in which the attention must be fully given to some matter in hand, the whole life of the great mass of persons, whether male or female, is spent in mere routine, when the attention of the thoughts is not needed upon their work, and *cannot be confined there*. A farmer, ploughing all day, can pray all day. His wife, engaged in her accustomed duties in-doors, can do the same. A mechanic, toiling at his bench, cannot keep his thoughts within his shop if he would. They *will* go abroad; they *may* go up to God. The physician, stepping into his carriage to go and visit a patient, may talk with God till he reach his patient's door. And so of the rest. Oh, how easily and how blissfully man may walk with God on this earth if he will! How fully each Christian may appropriate the language of Paul, and say, "My conversation is in heaven."

It remains to speak a little more definitely of the transformation of which the text speaks. The reverent beholding of the divine glory produces the effects attributed to it as a cause, usually, I think, in about the following order:—

The first effect upon a finite, and especially upon a sinful mind, of turning the attention upon the infinite excellence of God's character is one of deep abasement and self-abhorrence. No man is really humble whose thoughts never attach themselves strongly to one above himself; whereas, just in proportion as the object

we contemplate rises in dignity above us, do we find ourselves abased.

You have sometimes seen a young man full of self-sufficiency; full of airs and presuming boldness. You have noticed something in his style and carriage, whenever you have seen him, which seemed to indicate that he considered himself the most important personage abroad. Who is that youth? On inquiry, you will infallibly learn that he is one who has never read much nor travelled far; who has never made the acquaintance of the great and wise of his own or of former times; and especially you will learn that he is far from God; that he "hath not seen him, neither known him." Very likely you will learn that he is the head of a knot of youngsters, inferior still to himself, who ape his manners, and repeat his sayings, and laugh at his witticisms. They look up to him and he looks down to them. Unconsciously he is daily comparing himself with his associates, by which he nurses his own vanity and sinks toward their level.

Now suppose it were possible to introduce that young man into the presence of some of the sages of our race; some such men as Washington, and Wilberforce, and Jefferson, and Jay, and Humboldt. Bring him forth and set him down in the midst of a circle of these men, and mark the effect upon him. See how perfectly crestfallen he is. He cannot lift up his eyes. He knows not what to do with his hands, or his feet. He dares neither to move nor to sit still. And as to speaking, he is conscious that he never had a thought in his life fit to be uttered in such a presence. Poor fellow! How he suffers and sinks on being confronted with greatness. How has he gone down in his own esteem in the course of a single hour. And yet this is the most profitable interview of his life. It has *humbled* him; and before honor is humility. It has exalted him in all his ideas of greatness and excellence. It has placed before

him a new standard and measure of character. Possibly, for the first time in his life, he is dissatisfied with himself; and therefore, for the first time in his life, he is in a condition for improvement and reformation.

The principle is the same when God reveals himself to man. How natural, in this view, is the expression of Job, "I have heard of thee, by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Just there is the point where all improvement begins. The axiom is, "before honor is humility." No man goes up till he first goes down. No man begins to improve his spiritual state till first he becomes thoroughly dissatisfied with his present position; and I realize the first grand result of this waiting on God; this devout looking up to him; this earnest contemplation of his character; this steadfast beholding the glory of the Lord, in the overwhelming sense of my own littleness, and weakness, and ignorance, and sinfulness, and want, which comes down upon me, and penetrates all my being, till I feel it a relief to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am!"

Another effect soon follows. It is an earnest desire; often an unutterable one, to be like the Being we behold. "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." This is "hungering and thirsting after righteousness" indeed; and "blessed are they who thus hunger, for they shall be filled." No words can convey the restless, eager, passionate longings after God, *the living God*, which the soul experiences sometimes, as the result of long-continued waiting upon him and beholding of his glory. At such a time how hateful sin appears. How vain and empty every earthly pleasure. And as the soul continues looking unto Jesus, how its ties to earth become dissolved one after another; how increas-

ingly easy becomes the work of surrender and consecration, and how steadily, and how rapidly do all holy desires and purposes increase.

Nothing can keep a heart thus exercised from making progress in piety. He that steadily looks up will go up. He that steadily looks toward God, will go toward God. We follow our eyes,—to heaven or hell. The contemplation of purity will make me pure, just as the contemplation of sin will make me sinful. You never sin with your eye on Jesus. Satan can have no power over you unless he can first distract your attention and divert your eye from the Saviour. Your strength is in Jesus. Your strength is in prayer; the imploring cry for help, that comes from a soul full of self-despair, and full of confidence in Christ. Therefore look to Jesus, and drink in salvation as you look. Look to Jesus. Cry to Jesus. Fly to Jesus, and let your pursuing adversary learn always that he only chases you into the Sun, from whose dazzling, rebuking, bewildering light he must flee away, howling in despair.

There is a beautiful legend of three young men who banded themselves together to seek holiness. They were to meet once a week, to converse and pray together on the subject. For a time they seemed to make little progress. At length one of them had a dream as follows: Himself and two friends were in a deep pit, with no visible means of extrication. Several plans of escape were devised and tested, but without success; and they stood, with heads bowed down, discouraged and despairing. Just then the dreamer heard a voice above, saying, "Look at me." Looking up, he saw a most lovely being standing on the brink of the pit, and bending over them. He fixed his eyes on the stranger, and felt himself drawn upward toward him. Surprised that his feet should leave the earth, he turned his eyes downward upon his friends, and instantly sank back again.

With a tone of gentle reproof, the stranger said again, "Look at me;" when, fixing his steadfast gaze upon him, he was drawn upward and rescued. His friends followed his example, and all were saved. This was the dream which, at a subsequent meeting, he related to his fellows: Drawing the proper inference from the dream, they all soon found the salvation they sought by simply *looking to Jesus*.

The principle recognized in this text covers the whole length of the Christian life. It is involved in the earliest processes of grace upon the heart. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." The man in the very ends of the earth, who begins to look to God, begins to approach him; that is, begins to be saved. The penitent, bowed down in sorrow and tears to seek pardon, finds the blessing "looking unto Jesus." The believer, tempted and care-worn and heavy, creeps away to his closet and his God, and finds courage, and patience, and power, and life eternal, flowing anew to his soul while beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord. The power that saves unto the uttermost is found just here. Our brethren seeking full salvation, find that they have many of the lessons learned in justification to learn over again. Many of them spend much time in trying to save themselves, but never find the pearl they seek, till, dropping every other hope and plea, they fall alone on the merits of the Redeemer, and sink away into the blissful life-tide, *looking to Jesus*. Every step of Christian progress, and every victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, is gained by a believing view of Christ. The king of terrors is vanquished in the final struggle, and the dark stream of death passed in safety, still looking unto Jesus.

Even in the eternal world the principle shall not be extinct, it seems. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, *for we shall see him as he is.*"

EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. C. D. HAYES.

HAVING, by the help of God, consecrated *all I am* to his service, I consequently wait upon him, desiring to do his bidding. As I listen, I seem to hear a *still, small voice* saying unto me, "Write," and my acquiescence to the divine will forbids the interrogation, Why? but I sincerely desire to follow the leadings of the Spirit, lest "my light become darkness." I implore his assistance while I present some of my experience to the readers of the Guide, hoping and praying it may benefit some earnest-seeking soul.

There was no revival or excitement at the time. I had been powerfully convicted during many revival seasons previously, but refused to accept proffered mercy. Now I became convinced of its necessity by hearing a sermon preached by a Rev. Mr. Gibb, at the "Webster schoolhouse." I feared it was the Spirit's *last call*, and for one week my case (to myself) seemed hopeless, but, after great agony of spirit, was "by dying love" compelled to yield, *step by step, my all* to Jesus, and the evidence of my pardon was clear as the noonday sun.

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,"

for a while; but, being ignorant of the devices of our arch-enemy, and shrinking from bearing the cross, (the *necessary* means provided for a growth in grace,) I soon lost the witness, which caused great suffering of mind. Occasionally my *faith* would seem to bring me into the sunshine of God's countenance for a short time, but *works* were wanting, and I could not stand, and would as often relapse into darkness, till I *ventured* to believe I had *no religion*, and the consequence was, I indulged deeper in the vanities and amusements of the world than before, and for two years was *tossed and driven with-*

out God, and without hope, for I felt that I had grieved the Spirit!

I had no rest, but an *unceasing war* was carried on in my heart, for the "strong man armed" had returned with renewed forces, determined to maintain his former position as sole monarch, while the Holy Spirit, true to his trust, and faithful in his office work, ceased not day or night to warn me of my danger, till, by its sweet influences and earnest pleadings, I was again driven to the feet of him whom I had wounded afresh, begging for mercy.

Again the Lord saw fit to lead me out *alone* by the way of the cross, — the *very* way I had shunned, and, setting my feet down where I *first* left the track, I commenced my pilgrimage once more. I was enabled, (trusting wholly in this strength,) to confess my backslidings, and express my desires and determinations before my young companions.

"Come out, and be ye separate," &c., was continually sounding in my ears, and to my heart, and I resolved to exemplify the true Christian, — remembering that I had, before the congregation and all heaven, solemnly promised to "*renounce the devil and all his works,*" — "*the vain pomp and glory of the world,*" &c. — so that I would not follow or be led by them.

I was educated to believe the blessing of holiness attainable in this life by the teachings of the Bible and the testimony of Christians, and was acquainted with a few who enjoyed it, but I heard so little said about it, that for some years I supposed it was an *extra favor*, lavished upon a few chosen of God as his "*peculiar people,*" nor did I have a thought that I could ever receive the blessing called *sanctification*. A few weeks before I united with the church, I felt it my duty, for the first time, to fast, and a heavy burden it proved, as I was with a family that disapproved of such ceremonies.

I dared not disobey the divine injunction. Something whispered, Bear this

cross for Christ's sake, and, "*ask what ye will, ye shall receive.*" I yielded to the impression with faith in God, and fasted for twenty-four hours. A *clean heart* was the boon I craved. My faith was directed to the promise, and I was enabled to believe my heart was *clean*! I afterward learned it was our annual fast day. For a while I was filled with *holy joy*, — a *solid peace*, — an unshaken faith, — and was impressed that it was my duty to *live* to glorify God. It seemed to me that it would be a *pleasant* work to leave my friends and home, and go to heathen lands, and teach those benighted souls the way to heaven. Oh the anxiety I had for usefulness! I did not understand well the nature of the blessing I had received, nor how to retain it. At times I *believed* the work was wrought, and my heart was filled with a peace that flowed like a river, — such a peace of which the world knows nothing. Again, I was unable to preserve this enjoyment, yet not knowing well how to trust in Jesus *by the moment*. At a later period I read all the testimony I could get for information.

The life of Hester A. Rogers was very encouraging, and "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection" was a key to open to my mind many precious truths of the Bible that had hitherto seemed like a mystery. I studied the Scriptures much upon my knees, fasted and wrestled in prayer till I rejoiced in the clear assurance of the possession of *free, full, and present* salvation. My feet pressed the Rock; my heart believed, and at times my joy knew no bounds. For two years I had seasons of sweet communion with God, midst the *most perplexing* trials of my life. During this time I had unavoidable clouds to pass through, and sometimes they seemed like *blackness*; but the most of the time could realize the Lord strengthening and bidding me trust in him. When the winds raged, and waves ran high, I recognized the voice of him who bade the winds "be still;" and, when

the pruning-knife was applied to the branch, I knew that in *due* season would the command, "*It is enough*," be given. I at times, however, had doubts, understanding so imperfectly *how* the "just live by faith," and not by sight. I feared, when I was not filled with "joy unspeakable," that I had in some way grieved the Spirit. In the year 1847, light burst in upon my prospects, and for one year my enjoyment was more clear and constant, "refreshing showers" were generously distilled upon my willing heart. I feasted upon heavenly manna, and drank of the waters of life so "divinely pure."

Eternity alone can disclose the joys I felt in the full assurance of *sins washed away*. Oh the unfathomable depths of love felt in the soul under the exercise of a faith obtained by *constant* self-denial, fasting, and prayer! But my sun was again darkened; my health gradually failed, and with it (I imagined) went the witness of the fulness. Oh the desolation of my heart!

My mind at times seemed bordering on despair, and was brought to the very gates of death without the *faith* that I *was saved*, but with only the *hope* of *being saved*. But God was merciful in listening to my earnest prayers for my recovery. While cares, and trials, and darkness of mind altogether seemed beyond endurance, again a ray of light would beam down through the unbelief, and discover to me that the hand of God was in *all this*, and his cheering words to me were, "*Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.*" As my health improved, my faith increased, and I was enabled to claim an undoubted witness of my approbation with God once more, and could say, as did Wesley, I felt "my heart strangely warmed."

I felt as though all my powers of usefulness were taken from me till I received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Friday evening, January 13, 1860, I

attended a weekly prayer-meeting, where assembled a few who professed to enjoy perfect love. I felt that the time was come for *me to venture out*. I took *all I was, all I had, and all I had done*, and brought them to the Lord, *feeling*, "*I can but perish if I go*;" and, also, *all things are now ready*; what *more can I do*? Oh, how sensibly I felt the unworthiness and meanness of my offering! My heart-cares and burdens to put upon my-Saviour! My life and all were laid at his feet, and I awaiting in almost breathless anxiety for an answer, but what an *awful* stillness reigned! Still I cried, *I can do nothing* more. Unbelief seemed now to be *all I had to defeat me*; and what a *giant foe*! I had not even a "pebble from the brook" to cast at him, as I thought and saw and realized more than ever before my *utter helplessness*. Oh the agony of that hour! It seemed that soul and body must separate; but I would sooner die than yield to the adversary. I looked up for light, but beheld darkness. I prayed for an increase of faith, but a *darkness* had filled the *place* where my heart belonged!—a something dark, impenetrable, powerless, and *no effort* of my own could remove or affect it. I gladly would have torn it from my breast, but it was work for the Spirit to perform. At this awful moment, *despair*, with its *dismal* form, presented itself to claim a night, but "*God's grace was sufficient*" then, for "*I knew in whom I believed*," and I was enabled to hurl it into oblivion. I was sensible that this was the *crucifying* process, and felt this was the *fire* that consumes the dross. Unbelief seemed magnified. Now I *saw* before me *naked faith*. I had seen it in print, and heard it talked of, but, as much experience as I had passed through, I never *felt* what its *power* must be till now. All I could do was to plead the promise, "*I will receive you.*"

Here I found a foothold, and resolved I will *try* to believe from henceforth that

Jesus saves me. I returned home feeling consecrated, but no evidence was given. I retired, to rest but little. The following morning my heart of stone seemed to be broken in pieces, and in a few hours all darkness was eradicated, and my heart seemed a heart of flesh, *cleansed* and new!

Though this account may seem strongly expressed, it was *real*, and appeared to me a far more painful exercise than I can state. Household cares and temptations were so intermixed with these exercises that I wanted greater light. I entered my closet, and told my heavenly Father all about my fears, for I wanted to honor him. I could not pray for a *clean heart*, for I felt it was *clean*. There was a perfect inward calmness, — no agony of soul, but something was wanting; and just then, slowly, noiselessly, and *lovingly*, before my spiritual vision moved down the Three in One. Oh, what a precious sight! I heard no audible voice, but the Saviour seemed to impress a language on my heart, signifying that he had come with the Father and the Spirit to take up his abode in my heart. Oh, what a *holy* sweetness *filled* my soul! Not only did I *feel* peace in my heart, but I seemed placed in an atmosphere where I inhaled it, and a halo of sweetness and love encircled me.

This manifestation was so unlike anything I had looked for, although I had often said "any way," that I *feared* to believe. I left my closet, and took my Bible, and opened to Isaiah, 62d chapter, and the first words I saw were these: "Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, *Say ye to the daughter of Zion*, Behold, *thy salvation cometh*; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. And they shall call them *the holy people*, the *redeemed* of the Lord; and *thou shalt be called, sought out*, a city not forsaken." Each word, as I read, sunk like a weight into my heart. Victorious faith sprang up at once, and I cried, *I am redeemed,—my salvation is come,—and Jesus saves me now!* None

but a recipient of this *purity* of heart can ever know the heights, and depths, and richness of such an entertainment. 'Tis the manna that satisfies the hungry, 'tis a cup of the "waters of life" that we are permitted to quaff, and that quenches, for the time being, the thirsty soul.

How a sense of fulness is appreciated after the realization of the hungering, thirsting, and emptiness which I think necessarily precedes this blessing. Now I possessed a holy confidence that enabled me to go out and proclaim what God had done for me. My peace has since flowed on like a river, with the exception of a few trials of my faith.

Each *new* baptism furnishes additional light upon subjects once to me incomprehensible, and I can see new beauty in the gospel plan. How encouraging to the ambitious soul to know that as we grow in grace, we shall increase in knowledge of divine things; that as the graces magnify, there is opened to our view new mysteries,—*on* and *on* through eternity. "Great is the mystery of godliness."

"*But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.*" I love my God. I love his laws, and the narrow way through which he "leads me into green pastures and beside the still waters." I love his children of every denomination. I have a strong desire to be useful in saving those who stand upon the brink of woe. God forbid that I shall barely escape, and wear a starless crown!

Lockport, N. Y., 1860.

CHRISTIAN JOY. — "He indeed takes not in that fulness of joy which the clearer visions of heaven will afford; but he has its foretaste. The same God whom he will then see, he now sees, and the same fountain sends forth its communications to bless him here, which, when the fulness of God shall pour forth its gifts, shall bless him then."—N. W. Taylor.

[Original.]

A DREAM.

BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

METHOUGHT I slumbered, and a dream
Fell softly on my spirit,
As oft upon the placid stream,
Descends the gentle lunar beam;
We see, but cannot hear it.

I dreamt I sorrowed; and for one
I loved my tears fell quickly,—
All motionless she lay upon
Her couch, and pale; the death-dews on
Her brow were gathering quickly.

But, as I slept, a form of light
And loveliness transcendent,
Burst like some meteor of the night
Upon my wondering, ravished sight,
So sudden and resplendent.

A spirit from some better sphere,
He seemed by his appearing,
And from his lips fell on my ear,
As liquid music, soft and clear,
These words, so sweetly cheering:

"Why art thou sad, thou mourning one?
Dry up those tears of sorrow;
Put robes of praise and gladness on,
This night so dark will soon be gone,
And joy is on the morrow.

"It is a time for holy mirth,
When blessed ones are dying;
'Tis not a death, — but heavenly birth,
A happy issue out of earth,
With all its woes and sighing.

"Up, weeping mortal, up with me,
To thee a boon is given;
To see the royal pageantry,
And hear the burst of jubilee;
A saint is entering heaven."

He took my hand, — we upward rose,
The mists of earth disparting;
And thick the clouds behind us close,
And upwards still from earth we rose,
As lightnings swiftly darting.

Ah! rapidly we sped away,
The air was soft and cheery;
And onward our mysterious way,
Through trackless fields of ether lay,
We stayed not, nor grew weary.

And suns, and moons, and systems round,
In splendid circumfusion,
Were scattered through the vast profound,
As daisies on Creator's ground,
The Deity's profusion.

But soon a brighter scene upon
Me burst with cloudless lustre.
A city, fairer than the sun
It seemed, (so wondrous bright it shone,)
A thousand suns in cluster.

Those glittering palaces and towers,
Those walls of living splendor,
Transcend by far our loftiest powers;
And thought and language poor as ours
A worthless tribute render.

We paused. — 'Twas by this city fair,
But oh the wondrous story!
How shall I tell what happened there,
As gently poised in middle air,
I gazed on sights of glory?

Beneath those walls of royal state,
Close by the lofty portal,
A shining suite of angels wait,
To welcome to his blest estate
An heir of bliss immortal.

They come! they come! a holy band;
A heavenly state procession;
And shouting, bring in triumph grand,
An heir of glory to the land
Reserved for his possession.

Yet nearer comes the pageant bright,
Their notes are louder swelling!
What matchless pomp! — my failing sight
Is dazzled with excess of light,
Beyond a mortal's telling.

I may not tell that rapturous song,
Nor yet the tuneful measure.
So full, — so sweet, — so loud, — so long,
It never rolled from human tongue
Its thrilling notes of pleasure.

But through the golden skies that hang
O'er all those scenes of wonder,
The holy anthem pealing rang,
As twice ten thousand voices sang,
And broke harmonious thunder.

Such was the dream that gently stole
Upon me as I slumbered!
Oh! when the passing bell shall toll
The last departure of my soul,
May I with these be numbered!

Then shall I hear that song again,
With unexampled pleasure;
And when some victor soul shall gain
Admission there, I'll swell the strain,
And learn the tuneful measure.

[Original.]

BURNT OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAPTISM OF FIRE."

WHEN the primeval forests are first levelled by the axe of the pioneer, he finds much wood to consume, — more than his home-fires need, and such also as he cannot sell. It must either lie and moulder on the ground or be there burnt to ashes. This is a slow process. The light branches and thick brushwood may soon crackle and consume away. But those giant trunks which have stood and strengthened for years, take time to crumble into dust and ashes. A whole twelvemonth at least may see them smoke and char before the ground is cleared for the first grain harvest. Even then, after the golden sheaves stand in the sunlight where the branching shadows once gloomed, there rise amid them the black rough stumps striking their roots deep under the soil. Chains and draught may pull out some of them and make thus a clear field. But others, time-old and root-strong, withstand all such power. They must burn down to the earth, and the soil even must be spaded away till the fire reaches the extremest roots, to their fibrous life, and thus utterly consumes every relic.

Some souls indeed are like new-found prairies, blooming with the native flowers of human love and freshness. All they need is to have the ploughshare of truth run through them into the sub-soil of their hearts, and the seed of life to be sprinkled over the upturned sod. They will then very soon yield the rich harvests of holiness. Nevertheless, even these show the creeping things of sin, the gnawing worms of selfishness that dwelt and fed in the darkness long time under the thick hard surface of nature and years.

But ah! these souls be few. More are those whose life has been an age of forest growth, in evil, whose hearts feel the intertwined and deeply instriking roots of selfishness. I confess also, even now with

tears, though not bitter but sweet, not inky but crystal, that such was my poor soul, when the fire of God came down upon it. The axe of pioneering providences had preceded it. Many a strong trunk of pride had been before hewn down; many were the branching plans of selfish thought and endeavor, that fell to ashes. Something of God's grain-growth had appeared; truly rich sheaves of good already garnered. But alas! the field of life within was not fully cleared. Rude remnants, yea, root-relics of ruin remained. Black and vile they stood in painful contrast with the growing stalks of holiness. Yet the fire that came down so suddenly and strongly from heaven, like the lightning's blaze, went not out with its flash. It burnt on slowly and steadily, surely and truly, till the soul's surface seemed cleared, not of noxious weeds only, but of hard, rough stumps, sin's worst forces and resources, removed only by marvellous grace. Still beneath that surface lay the roots of life-long evil, vital with the sap of self, threading each fibre of the heart. Rather indeed, I may say, that the heart of nature, torn out and cast away, had left its fibres and filaments behind, which speedily began to twine around and grow into the heart of grace new-given. Here was the danger of relapse. The outer smoothness and fruitfulness hid the inner secret sources of future possible evil. The beauty and blessedness of an ardent zeal and an active devotedness veiled the hideousness and cursedness of the primitive and habitual fibre-roots of sin underneath.

Now, all along, up to this time, a year indeed after God's fire first fell, while toil and care for other souls pressed hard and monopolized thought and affection, the chief and almost sole idea possessing my mind, the grand object aimed at for myself was CONSECRATION. Long before this, its dawn had entranced my soul's gaze, its full noontide of glory vanished my sight. I wanted *that* to be an ever-

lasting sun set in the zenith of my life, no more to go down. I asked that its blaze might wither all the weeds of earth within me, and make all the flowers of heaven to bloom there.

Though then conscious greatly of God's sanctifying process within, of pride heeled down, of hatred stabbed deep, of lust eaten up, and of self scathed; yet I had not thought of or sought after, as others have done, that entire sanctification which now I see to be the legitimate sequence of full consecration.

At last, one day, a Christian brother, given by nature — I regret to say it — to invidious words and selfish deeds, crossed my path and thwarted my plans in a manner peculiarly trying. His whole action — which I now would fain think might have been undesigned — seemed hateful. Of course suspicion of evil first awoke; then it took life and form, and although I said and did nothing whatever towards him, which gave him a clue to my thoughts or feelings, I found myself in an unbalanced state, — my equipoise in God was gone, the serpent had entered my Eden, my rest of heart became a tempest, till agonized at the inner loss and danger I went before God.

These were but the unseen motions of evil, the finer fibres of a sinful nature; they could be kept down by will, cut and mowed away by watch-scythes and suppliancy. But no! this was not enough. Could they not be wholly and forever removed? Was not God willing fully to free the soul yearning for that freedom? Would he not empty me of all iniquity and fill me with all righteousness, if I hungered and thirsted after it? Might he not tear out and fling away those most attenuated roots of evil, out of which could spring again the tallest, strongest trunk-growths of outer sin? Why should he leave me ever in this liable, contingent state, knowing not when the Tempter might triumph? Must this conflict within be perpetual, or might it be ended now

and forever? Questions like these, thick and fast as hailstones fell with the tears I shed over indwelling sin. Prayer then was the only solace of my wounded heart, and the solvent of my inquiries.

Happily, then, Wesley's "Plain Account," came into my hands. I read a long while, knowing and believing all that he said, each word answered by the heart's previous experience, till he told of the witness to be sought for sanctification. Then a new hope arose, a brighter thought than all before rayed into my soul. Ah! now I could see the whole way. I had sought and found the witness of justification, of profession, and of consecration, three witnesses, clear, distinct, and successive, but never until now had I even thought of, much less, needingly asked for, the witness of entire sanctification. Now I saw its need when I read thus: "In the hour of temptation Satan clouds the work of God and injects various doubts and reasonings, especially in those who have either very weak or very strong understandings. At such times there is absolutely need of that witness; without which the work of sanctification not only could not be discerned, but could no longer subsist. Were it not for this, the soul could not then abide in the love of God; much less could it rejoice evermore and in everything give thanks. In these circumstances therefore a *direct testimony* that we are sanctified is necessary in the highest degree."

Strange, indeed, that this thought had never before been reached! Why had I not felt the need of this witness also? Why then might I not seek it now? But in what way? Only *by faith*. Well, then, I said, "I *will* believe; but then though that will was summoned, and employed to its fullest extent, it was impotent. Alas! I saw too plainly that such faith came not by the will of man! never did human weakness and personal voluntariness appear so little and ineffectual.

But then, how gain this faith; it must

come only as the result of God speaking in the soul by the Holy Ghost. Very soon the mystery was solved. I saw that *the faith I already had must be used*,—this was the seed sown to a new harvest, the parent of a higher faith. I brought it to the work. I said, "Lord, thou *canst*, thou *wilt* make me clean, help me to believe that thou *dost* now do this work. Oh joy! as I prayed thus the Spirit breathed and spoke. Its gentlest whisper said "*I will; be thou clean.*" My soul's loudest tone replied, "Yea, Lord, thou dost, I am clean, blessed be God; I feel those fibres torn away, those hidden roots removed; the fire consumes them all; and in their place, love, pure love, strong love is seeded down and roots itself."

What wonder, then, that I, who had so much despised all cant and rant, and shout and cry, rose up, and striding to and fro with rapid step, smote eagerly my palms and loudly poured out volleys of praise from an overloaded heart of joy? What wonder, then, that beholding the divine glory revealed within, and feeling the infinite hand there effectually at work, I laughed and cried, and sang and leaped? No doubt the world and a half-alive church would have deemed me mad.

Was this all that my infinite Saviour did? Not all. He went beyond my prayer and faith. He said in tones clear and distinct to my soul, "I will keep thee, for I am faithful. Thou art mine forever; temptation shall not overcome, sin shall not stain again or destroy." Was not this more than faith could seize upon? Could I thus *apprehend* Christ? Ah! he had already done such mighty things; had proved himself so true, that now nothing was too great for me to believe. I took him at his word. I said with Paul, "I am *persuaded* that he is able to *keep* that which I have committed unto him." So I committed to him implicitly the *keeping* of my soul, as unto a faithful Creator.

Was there deception or error here? Was it not according to apostolic teaching and primitive experience? Could I believe too much of Christ? Ah! before him, the great Searcher of hearts, I aver that having once and too long seen great iniquities of life and deep corruptions of heart; having inly groaned and pined because of them, I could now no longer, even by still more diligent search, find them in their former stronghold. The garrison had surrendered, the foe had been expelled, and a celestial soldiery had taken their place who kept watch on the battlements against all coming enemies, and whose weapons never were dimmed or dulled. Ever since then, Christ, the great Captain at their head, has kept the fortress. He alone can do it, he will do it.

Is this to say that weaknesses, failures, mistakes, incorrectness, infirmity, shall no more be mine? I say it not. These still remain; more apparent, more multiplied, in a sense, than ever before. Only love breathes ever, beats in the never-ceasing pulses of the soul; only faith holds fast with unrelaxing grasp to the hand of Christ once seized, and from which ever comes strength to hold on faster still. As one who, grasping the electric chain, clings tighter to it while the current is on, as though the muscles were paralyzed and the joints stiffened, so clings my faith to Jesus,—so flows into my soul's both hands the closing currents of his life.

Does this remove the possibility evermore of sin? No; that is always possible to the free-will nature,—the morally responsible creature. Nature's ability to sin yet remains, the soul's susceptibility to the temptation is not lost. But through this human tendency, this earthly inclination to decline and fall, Christ diffuses his life and lifts to truth and heaven. Often the great sower of evil scatters with full sweep his tare-seed in the open furrows of the soul; but the Dove of grace picks them up and bears them off, dropping

them into the sands of nothingness. Often the hosts of evil beset and drive on toward the very verge of evil, till I see the mist and foam, and hear the thunder of the hell-deep cataract, but the mighty arm of Jesus reaches down and drives them off, taking me up into heights of glory. When that great witness of full sanctification was given, and the first strong outburst of joy was over, the glory was hidden, the gates of vision were shut, and alone with God in the darkness I stood, left to a naked, barren faith. This was to test faith, to separate it from emotion, to distinguish it from exercise, to deepen it as a principle, to demonstrate it as a life; for God said, "*your faith is my life in you.*" So I learned to walk by faith, and faith alone; truly a walk of power in a path of progress; amid valleys sometimes, dark indeed, but rich with waving, ripening corn, the rustle of which, under the breath of God, I could hear as though angels were treading through them with fluttering wings. My soul's feet brushed the dew of life from celestial flowers growing in the unseen path and breathing their fragrance up into my inner life. Sometimes over the grand mountains of Truth, I climbed all in the dim twilight or polar solitude of Nature indeed, but still they were mountains whose summits were tipped with the glare of midnight suns and whose breath came from the full fountains of the upper realms. But, glory and praise to the eternal dweller in light, the day came again full and bright; faith merged into vision again, the celestial city opened its radiant portals, and I entered in. Now, O Christ, I dwell with thee in a mansion prepared for my soul. Yea, life of my life, thou dwellest with me in this earthly tabernacle, thou in me and I in thee, and we together eat the marriage supper of the Lamb; the door is shut upon us, the key is turned and taken from the lock; outside it is thrown; the casement is nailed down, and all egress debarred. Thou canst not, wilt not, shalt

not go hence again; eat, beloved, in my heart's innermost home, — at Love's own table, — sleep, all beauteous one, in the garden-bowers of my soul; breathe through my life, transforming and beautifying all its powers, till they shine like stars, and beam like pearls, and breathe like lilies, in thine own transfigured being!

CHRIST MUST RULE IN THE HEART.

BY REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

THE rush of an evil heart's affections, like other swollen streams, will not yield to reason. When God by his word and Spirit comes to save, he saves by arresting the heart and making it new.

An engine, dragging its train on the rail, is sweeping along the landscape. As it comes near, it strikes awe into the spectator. Its furious fire and smoke, its rapid whirling wheels, its mighty mass shaking the ground beneath it, and the stealthy quickness of its approach, — its whole appearance and adjuncts make the observer bate his breath till it is past. What power would suffice to arrest that giant strength? Although a hundred men should stand up before it, or seize its whirling wheels, it would cast them down, and over their mangled bodies hold its unimpeded course with nothing to mark the occurrence but a quiver as it cleared the heap! But there is a certain spot in the machinery where the touch of a little child will make the monster slacken his pace, creep gently forward, stand still, slide back like a spaniel fawning under an angry word at the feet of his master.

A ship driven by fierce winds is gliding with all the momentum of great bulk and great speed forward, — forward upon a sunken rock, where the gurgling breakers greedily, gloomily predict her doom. What apparatus can you bring to bear on the devoted vessel? What chain thrown

around her bows will bring her to a stand? The massiest cable coming across her course will snap like a thread of tow! But a touch by a man's hand on the helm will turn the huge mass sharply round, and leave it standing still upon the surface, with its empty sails flapping idly in the wind.

These great works of man laugh to scorn every effort to arrest their course by direct obtrusive force; and yet they are so constructed that a gentle touch on a tender place makes all in an instant still.

This greatest work of God, more wonderful by far, — this man, this self of me, — moves with a greater impetus to a deeper, longer doom. Moving from both in the direction of death, the immortal gathers momentum every hour, bursting through all the resolutions and efforts of himself and his neighbors, as Samson broke the withes that were twisted round his wrist. How Paul wept when he found that his wild heart would brook no restraint of his better judgment! I find a law in my members, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. No power in heaven or earth will arrest that downward fall, unless it be laid upon the heart. The human being is so constituted that a touch there may turn him, but nothing else will. Oh to be arrested by the heart! Unless Jesus cast the bands of his love about that heart, as we are rushing past, there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment. Lord, grasp me there! Lord, save me, I perish! Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.

When they told the blind beggar at the wayside that Jesus was passing by, he rose and ran, and cried, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" *My* heart, Lord! arrest it; subdue it; make it new. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

THE ONLY PLACID AND SOUND TRANQUILLITY.

"If you keep the road of innocence and of righteousness; if you walk with footsteps that do not slide; if, depending upon God with all your heart, and all your might, you be only what you have begun to be, you will then find that, according to the proportion of faith, so will your attainment and enjoyment be. For no bound or measure can be assigned in the reception of divine grace, as is the case of earthly benefits; the Holy Ghost is poured forth copiously; is confined by no limits; is restrained by no barriers — he flows perpetually; he bestows in rich abundance. Let our heart only thirst and be open to receive him; as much of capacious faith as we bring, so much abounding grace do we draw from him.

Here an ability is given, with sober chastity, uprightness of mind, and purity of language, ever to heal the sick and to cleanse the filth of distempered minds, to speak peace to the hostile, to give tranquillity to the violent, and gentleness to the fierce. Thus in what we have already begun to be, our new spiritual nature which is entirely the gift of God, triumphs in its freedom from the bondage of sin and Satan. What a faculty, what an energy is this! that the soul should not only be emancipated from slavery, and be made free and pure; but also stronger, so as to become victorious over the power of the enemy.

The only solid, firm, and perpetual security is to be delivered from the tempests of this restless scene, to be stationed in the post of salvation, to lift up the eyes from earth to heaven, and to be admitted into the favor of the Lord; such a man approaches in his thoughts near to his God, and justly glories that, whatever others deem sublime and great in human affairs, is absolutely beneath his notice. He who is *greater* than the world, can *desire* nothing, can want nothing from the

world. The gift of God is gratuitous and easy; as the sun shines freely, as the fountain bubbles, as the rain bedews, so the celestial spirit infuses himself; the soul looks up to heaven and becomes conscious of its author; it then begins *actually* to be, what it believes itself to be; it is higher than the firmament, and sublimer than all earthly power.

Such a soul will be careful in the expenditure of its time; it will *rejoice*; but an hour of entertainment will not be inconsistent with, or unconnected to divine grace.

Its banquet will be sober and resound with psalms or lively expressions of heartfelt gratitude.—*St. Cyprian, or Religion in the Third Cent.*

A RELIGION OF REALITIES.

BY REV. HUGH MARTIN, M. A.

WOULD you have a *real* religion? — a religion not of airy shadows and mere thoughts; not of pious dreams and sacred theories; not of cold creeds and abstract speculative reasonings; but a religion, real, in which your soul shall rest as on a solid rock; or — to change the figure — in which your soul shall feed as on a solid and substantial repast; or, again, in which your soul shall clothe herself with armor as real as the warrior's mail; or, once more — without a figure — in which you shall find justifying righteousness as real as your sin, and grounds of hope in your death as valid as your too real grounds of fear?

You need a religion such as this. Your present state in this world, and your prospects beyond it, render such a religion indispensable. Your sin is real. Temptation is real. Difficulty, perplexity, affliction, sorrow, are real, — all too palpably and painfully real. And oh, how real is death! — death as it comes

whether to yours or to you! And then, behind all, — yon great white throne!

Oh! you need a plea as real as the sin to be forgiven, and as the sentence of death to be reversed. You need a pardon as real as that throne before which you will have to plead it.

I beseech you by the mercies of God, that ye be content with nothing less than a religion of realities. Dream not about theories and thoughts, however accurate and good. But grasp ye the solid things of the Spirit of God, the things which are freely given you of God; and which, as coming from him, are no empty phantoms truly, but the undeceiving and exhaustless realities which he hath prepared for them that love him. Ah! seek a real atoning sacrifice and a real acceptance therein, — a real title to heaven and a real preparation for it. Nor need you fear to miss them if you seek them. "For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from those that walk uprightly."

But, remember, if you seek these things, that they become real to you, — real in your perception of them, and in your reception of them, — only by your receiving the Spirit. It is he that redeems your religion from all unreality. It is he that fills divine doctrines to you with the varieties of which they speak. It is he by whom you know the things that are freely given you of God. It is he that takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto you and makes them yours. For it is he who leads you through the Son even unto the Father's bosom, — that boundless bosom of redeeming love, where your forgiveness is not a theory but a fact, being there your Father's real and eternal purpose of forgiving grace, the secret of the Lord which is now with you because you fear him. There your religion is real indeed. There you taste and see that the Lord is good.

[Original.]

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

BY. Y.

THE devout, earnest Christian, who runs his course with the purpose to prove his sincere love to Christ, by a life of activity, feels a tender thrill in his heart as he meets those little, but meaning words, "Church of God;" for weeks this has been the almost uninterrupted secret song of the soul, —

"I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand."

It is congenial for us to look on her sunny-side, encircled with all her promises, sealed by blood of her living Head, who ever maketh intercession for her.

For in her darkest, saddest days, the gates of hell have not prevailed against her, — and surely, she is now coming up, leaning upon her beloved.

It is also the duty of others to prune the vines, and weed out some of the tares.

Looking from this point of observation, '61, we pour out our offerings of praise and thanksgivings for the refreshing of the Holy Spirit granted to all lands in a greater or less degree the past few years.

We admire God's method of taking care of his own glory, in bestowing upon his people the spirit of supplication, that his children may realize their dependence *solely upon him*, to revive his glorious work. And the constant increasing unity of the church gives us the earnest of the happiness of the glorified alone.

The prayer of Jesus is answering, "that they may be one, even as we are one."

No past age or period of her history presents her to our view in the position she now stands; generally aspiring after purity of heart. It is now no longer conceded that the doctrine of holiness is the

privilege or error peculiar to one of the names of Zion; but in the universal church it is acknowledged the doctrine of the Bible, laying its claims *on the present life*. And the experience of this blessed truth brings the church to a unity which no outward works could accomplish.

Many have been the plans of the wise and good of various creeds to have a common basis of union, but all have failed, and God's own truth has done the work, — "holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience." The preaching of the past few years has been a decided advance in presenting the atonement of Christ, frequently, fully, and efficiently. Moral essays and learned difficulties have had their day, and are left in the outer court; the ministry are seeking the rest of faith within the veil.

The two great Christian nations of the earth have certainly been favored with divine intimations of their vast commission to evangelize the earth — Britain and America can take the world.

A pastor in a little church on the western coast of Ireland, from his pulpit looked upon the Atlantic wave which sighed upon his shore, and earnestly yearned in his heart that so the great American revival might lave his own dear Island. The desire ascended with the thousands of others of the same holy nature, and descended again indeed in blessing.

The Head of the Church is bringing Ireland back from her long apostasy; and will he not continue his glorious work until the Atlantic wave shall deluge all lands?

We hail with serious delight the seven days of prayer in the opening of this year, when the general church, from the rising to the setting sun, will be prostrate at the mercy-seat. This is truly a divine unity, and who can divine the result of this united cry?

Let not ancient Israel be forgotten.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.

WE have weekly evidences that the scriptural doctrine of holiness is no longer the peculiarity of one branch of Zion, but that there is a general distaste to doubts, fears, and formalism, and a desire for the fulness of the gospel provision in every part of the church of God. Is this not a simultaneous movement of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of all who truly love the Lord Jesus, and aim at a conformity to his image?

A female spoke of her years of profession, and dissatisfied state after a time. Upon a sick bed, felt her need of holiness, yet had not read or heard any one speak of this state of grace. She went to her pastor in her dilemma; he could only acknowledge that he was in the same condition, without further light upon his path.

After a while, he sent her "Boardman's Higher Life." This was useful in establishing her in the faith that it was a practical doctrine, and what others had experienced was also her privilege. She gave herself to the Lord fully, and he accepted the whole heart-offering, and now she rejoices in perfect peace and perfect love.

Another spoke of having been absent two years, but was now rejoiced in being present. Years ago she had been aroused to seek purity of heart from hearing a female speak of Christ being her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. She immediately presented her soul, body, and spirit, to the Lord, to be his in an everlasting covenant. She rested this act of her faith upon the promise, "In the day that thou seekest me with all thy heart, I will be found of thee." She had proved the faithfulness of God in the various and numerous trials of her life. Of late, she had felt the power of this petition, "Thy will be done on earth," and this is much the burden of her present prayer.

Professor Cowles, of Oberlin, being present, expressed his sympathy with the listened-to experiences, and rejoiced in the universal spread of holiness in the church. He had, in the past six weeks, been in frequent contact with ministers of different names, who enjoy, or are awakened to desire the fulness of the atonement in *their own personal experience*. Toward the close of the meeting, a minister who was obliged to leave immediately, desired the prayers of the people with much emotion. He had come a distance to attend the meeting for his own profit.

On Tuesday last, December 18, a lady spoke most feelingly of her state of mind and ardent desires for rest of soul,—entire sanctification. On Friday morning, Mrs. L. received the following note from her.

"Friday noon.

"Let me tell you, dear sister, how sweetly my mind has been kept in a state of calm trust since Wednesday morning, 5 o'clock, when, after an earnest struggle of soul, I felt a most calm, heavenly rest in Jesus, as saving me that moment from sin, and overpowered by the thought, 'If he can save me *this* moment, he can save me *continually*,' I felt a *new* sense of trust in him as *my* Saviour, as *my* sanctification, and as *my* Mediator. God did accept me in *him*, and *through him alone*.

"I hold on with a trembling hand, yet he vouchsafes to me his promise still,—'I will lead thee in the way thou shalt go.' I feel as helpless as an infant, yet strong in the assurance he gives of the strength in him.

"Oh, how fully has he removed every prop, every wish of my own! Obedience to the dictates of *his Spirit* was required, and, after a fierce struggle with the adversary, I was enabled to yield, when my longing heart cried out, 'Give me Christ, or else I die. Anything, Lord, that thou shalt require, shall be given, *shall be done*. Only *give thyself to me*, and let me feel

Jesus leads me. Then came the calm, heavenly rest of soul I have felt ever since.

"Is this perfect love? Is this sanctification? Is this not loving God supremely? The language of my heart, this morning, is, —

"Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare."

"And I have felt this as if I could repeat the words over again and again. I find each time more intense meaning than before.

"Pray that the Spirit may still illumine and keep the witness clear. Yours,

"C. R. D."

A GLIMPSE OF DR. AND MRS. PALMER
AT LEAMINGTON. NOV. 1860.

"At midday the schoolroom is often full of earnest worshippers, and at 7 o'clock in the evening there are large congregations, increasing every day!

"Not only those accustomed to worship with the Wesleyans, but members of the Established church, and other dissenting bodies also, from the adjacent villages, as well as from Coventry, Birmingham, Banbury, Northampton, and even from Wiltshire, and from Scotland, have taken apartments for two or three days, or a week, for the purpose of getting and doing good.

"During the past week, many have found peace through believing in Jesus, and have now become witnesses for the Lord. Upwards of one hundred have been blessed. Some have been justified freely from all things; others sanctified throughout, body, soul, and spirit, and not a few who had a name to live, and were dead, have been quickened, and are now become workers together with God. Night after night the communion-rails are crowded with persons seeking salvation, of all ages, asking, 'What must I do to be saved?'

"One dear man and his wife found the blessing of perfect love, and were so happy

that they longed for the morning, that they might go and tell their friends what great things the Lord had done for them.

"The wife went to a woman who keeps her shop open on Sundays, and induced her to close it, saying if she was a loser at the end of the month she would make it up to her. Her husband keeping a number of workmen, gave them all an opportunity of attending the midday meetings.

"About forty of them came; two of them sought and found Christ, and several others raised their hands when the question was put, 'Who are seeking the Lord?' The work is still going on. Dr. and Mrs. P. have consented to stay another week.

"We are looking forward to and expecting still greater things than these, that the revival may spread more and more, here and everywhere." — *London Wesleyan Times.*

Since the above was received, we learn that two hundred persons had been converted at Leamington.

SIX MONTHS' LABOR FOR A TESTAMENT.

"A young man, bred a Catholic, having learned to read, and a New Testament happening to lie neglected in his master's house, it became the constant companion of his leisure hours. His apprenticeship to his master, a linen weaver, being finished, he begged the New Testament as a reward for his faithful services. The master refused to give it to him, unless he served six months longer.

"The young man, thinking that a New Testament might be obtained on easier terms at Castlebar, declined this, and made diligent inquiry at all the shops to find one. Alas! not a Testament was for sale at that time in the principal town of a populous county in Ireland! He could not live without it; it was never absent from his thoughts; he dreamed of nothing else; and, finding no rest, he returned to his master, and agreed to serve him for the Testament six months longer.

"A gentleman of respectability, in Ireland, vouches for this as a fact, in a letter dated December 24, 1811. He adds that the young man became a steadfast and exemplary Protestant." — *Bible Record*.

[Original.]

"THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF MINE INHERITANCE."

BY M. R. S.

BLESSED assurance! thrice-blessed inheritance! And to whom is it given? Who dares claim the Holy One as a portion from the Lord himself? Seraphs, as they swiftly speed on their winged way, as messengers from God? Cherubim, who ever bow before the great white throne, crying, "Holy, holy, holy art thou, Almighty One?" "The church of the firstborn in heaven," ever worshipping the Lamb who hath bought them, while they gaze on his dear face with untold rapture? Is it to such only that so rich an inheritance belongeth? Their bliss passeth comprehension. They dwell mid those glories which mortals ne'er have known or can conceive.

Christian, not one of these glorified spirits may say more truly "the Lord is my portion" than thou. He who loveth the dear Saviour whose life-blood paid his ransom-price, — he who weareth the yoke of the blessed Master whose every command is clothed in love, — he whose heart is stayed on that Anointed One who hath wrought out our redemption; — all, of every race, of every name, who, though once "aliens from God," are now members of the "commonwealth of Israel;" — all who are walking in the footsteps of the Crucified, — whose lives are hidden "with Christ in God," — who through grace say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his," — all such may gladly speak those exultant words, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance."

Strange words! Lips cannot speak their hidden meaning. Language fails to tell, and hearts can never comprehend,

the infinite depths, the boundless heights, the unmeasured extent of that inheritance. Earth's richest, purest, deepest joys but faintly picture it. The glowing portraiture of inspiration, — the gorgeous descriptions of joys unspeakable, of an eternal weight of glory, — all, all are but foreshadowings of the wondrous vastness of our Father's goodness, mercy, and love. He who hath the Lord for his portion, hath Christ, heaven, glory, — hath amplest supplies for every need, richest provisions for every emergency. Promises, exceeding great and precious, are his own, — he may claim them all, nor fear lest it be presumption. The Lord is his portion: — well may he in triumphant strains exclaim, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or peril? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Christian, are you bending beneath a weight of sadness, of condemnation, of unbelief? Does "Little-faith" cry, "These promises are not for me, — this glorious portion I dare not claim?" Does "Faint-heart" say, "Others, more favored, may thus come to God, and with perfect faith take hold upon Christ, but I cannot?" Dear brother, dear sister, yield no longer to such desponding thoughts. Cast off the chains with which unbelief has bound you. Arise in Christ's might, and cry out, "I will, — I do believe." Not in reliance on self, but clinging to Christ alone, lay hold on the sureties given in the word of life. None ever trusted in Jesus, and were disappointed. None ever stayed themselves on God, and were confounded. Look up, — look to Christ just now. Trust in the sure word of the Faithful One, and you shall know the blessedness of saying, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him."

[Original.]

THE DUTY NEAREST THEE.

BY E. L. E.

"Do the duty nearest thee," is a proverb we have somewhere seen, and it is a suggestion that has been often with us in our thoughtful hours. When we have laid plans for usefulness or happiness, or made arrangements for some other calling than that in which we at present move, the question often reverts: Is there not some duty nearer to thy heart and sphere? something that, suiting ambition less, will have a calmer, holier influence on thy life, and through thy calm, dutiful, honest life, be helping others upward too?

"It seems as if I should never accomplish anything, I am so hindered!" said a lady friend, and she turned from the window with a sort of frown. "There is old Mr. J. coming up the street; now he will come in and sit an hour, and the time will be lost for what I wanted to do." The lady was a Christian, and the visitor an aged pilgrim, from whose natural eyes the light had departed, but whose spiritual vision seemed clearing for the glory that was shortly to be revealed. And so he came in and sat; and the lady paused in her avocation, and listened while his intelligent mind, through a stammering tongue, told of the greatness and goodness of God, of his nearness to that world where there is no blindness, no mistaking the way, and of his readiness to depart and find the light of God.

"I am always instructed when I talk with old Mr. J.," said the lady afterwards, "though I get impatient with so many hindrances." And so thought we, the hour could hardly have been wasted, though the business of the day stood still. It may be more than we think to converse with one whose feet are so near the eternal shore, and in whose soul we can discern the ripeness which precedes the ingathering of the Harvester.

But the lesson to us was in doing the

duty nearest to our life, often that which comes through no agency of our own.

Now, in the economy of God's arrangements, we know that causes apparently slight and unimportant do, in their sequences, work out for us the greatest results. We do not understand, and scarcely see, the process to which we are ourselves a party; we seem to be weaving but a simple web of coarse, plain shreds; we cannot see how in God's manufactory there will be produced at last a finished and elaborate pattern, of which our little work may be a necessary portion.

And here is an opportunity for our faith to become pure, firm, and availing; — to be willing to do only the slight, humble duties, to bear the trivial burdens, to meet the little hindrances, to see our best-laid plans for good upset, to find taste, interest, and judgment thwarted, — and yet believe that God so rules in all these trifling concerns that if we serve the little present well, we are as useful in his great and complicated plans as though we were doing some work which taxed every resource of our being. We cannot measure the worth of the smallest things, nor can we tell how vain may be that in which we take the utmost pride and satisfaction. It is more, perhaps, to be willing to live a life of small things, — to do "little nothings," as they are called, than to nerve heart and head for some great enterprise. And yet the duty nearest to our heart is oftenest in matters so small as to be forgotten as soon as done.

Shall we speak of our own experience? We had set apart a day in a life where such days are almost rare for thought and pen, to communicate with those whom we shall never meet face to face. There was a subject in mind that almost spoke itself, so urgent was it to be spoken, and our heart warmed tenderly towards those to whom it should be its own message of love and faithfulness. We were all ready with a prayerful spirit, to give expression to our thought, not doubting but that the

day's duty lay in that particular thing, when a child entered with a slight request. She was a frequent and intrusive visitor, but one whom we might not turn away. We were impatient of the interruption, and dismissed the case as briefly as we could. Perhaps one line was written, when another hindrance of a similar nature occurred, and then another, and all so slight that not one is specially remembered, — and yet not once could be thrown aside, — until the day was so far spent that the opportunity had passed. We were disappointed of the pleasure we had planned, annoyed by being interrupted in our arrangements, and sorry to lose the thought that was like a fresh, sweet inspiration, in the morning. The inspiration passed with the time for securing it, and the thought has never been chained into words. We are scarcely sorry now; God evidently wanted other work done on that day, and he as evidently did not want the proposed article written. For ourselves it is as well, — for others it may be better.

We cannot know, probably; but in the plans of God, where thought and deed of ours, unknown to us, are working out his purposes of love and good, there was some better use for trifling deeds in that interrupted day, than for anything else which we might have esteemed a pleasure or a good.

We have tried to take the lesson to heart; sometimes tried to be willing to have no plans at all whose overturning should cause an hour's disturbance; satisfied that God lays upon our life its daily and hourly duty; satisfied, also, to do that which is nearest in the present, leaving the issues of all with One who never errs in his appointments for his people.

O heart! poor, weak, mistaking heart,
That plans and sees its purpose fall,
While tears o'er such a ruin start, —
Forgetting God hath wrought it all;
Look up, and disappointment call
His great love-blessings what would be
E'en to thyself, couldst thou forestall

By thine appointments, such as He?
He leads thee where thou canst not see,
Or lights thy faith for where he leads,
And makes the duty nearest thee,
But simple faith and lowly deeds.
He knows thy nature and thy needs;
He plans the work thou best canst do;
And when thy will or reason pleads,
Chastises will and reason too,
Because he loves thee: 'tis the due
Of wayward hearts and erring creeds
To find correction wise and true.

Dec. 6, 1850.

[Original.]

SELF-WRECK AND SOUL-LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

WITH shivering soul in vessel frail,
Onward I dash,
While tempests fierce, with leaping flail,
Life's billows lash;
The cloud and lightning-glance above
My heart affright,
No rift reveals a glimpse of love
In Nature's night!

Rocks rise along the scowling shore,
Hoarse is the surge;
Mark, where the circling breakers roar,
The whirlpool's verge!
Oh God! my bark breaks on the rocks
That guard thy law;
Despair on all its treasures locks
Yon whirlpool's jaw.

I sink! I struggle strong with death!
Alas! in vain!
Faint, blind, the waters scorn my breath,
Of strangling pain!
My cries for mercy, Heaven! they mock
And hurl me high,
Against thy Law's sharp, penal rock,
Alas! I die!

Yet waves! hurl higher, though ye crush
All good of mine;
Lo! from the rock-rents where ye rush,
Shoots forth a VINE!
Once more! again! — its branch I reach
And trembling clasp,
Though Hate's wild sea-gulls round me
screech
To loose my grasp!

Oh VINE! by thy blest roots so strong,
Woven in the stone,
I clamber up with ransom song,
And, from the throne
Of Peace and Love in th' upper realm
Look down the shore
On rocks that threat, and waves that overwhelm
My soul no more!

[Original.]

LETTER TO AN ANTINOMIAN
FRIEND.—No. 7.

BY MRS. A. P. JOLLIFFE.

DEAR M—: You say that if any part of our salvation depends upon our obedience, it would make it to depend in part upon our own merits. But why make a question of merit at all? It is no merit for a man to do well for himself. We do not confer anything upon any one else by seeking our own salvation. And if we refuse to seek it in the only appointed way, we alone suffer. Where then is the necessity of raising a question of merit about it? It is principles and not men that are to be considered in their results. The principle of ungodliness naturally and inevitably leads to ruin; while godliness as surely leads to salvation. You say truly that we can do nothing to merit salvation; and it is also true that it is not given for our goodness, but because God is good and loves to give good gifts when he has subdued and humbled us enough to receive his gifts in his own way. But because we can do nothing to merit salvation, it does not follow that we can do nothing to seek or procure it. Or what will you do with the case of Cornelius, who had an angel sent to him with an express message that "his prayers and his alms had come up for a memorial before God," Acts x. 4. Take this in connection with his character: "A devout man, and one that feared God, and who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always," Acts x. 2. And this was prior to his reception of the Holy Spirit, for that fell on them afterwards, while Peter was "preaching peace by Jesus Christ," Acts x. 36, 44. The noticeable fact here is that his prayers and alms had procured for him this heavenly messenger, to impart further knowledge of the way of salvation, and the gift of the Spirit. Of course, his prayers and alms must have been conjoined with a godly

life, as far as his light extended. The expressions in yerse 2, "a devout man, and one that feared God," would lead us to this conclusion. Cornelius's "prayers and alms" are not spoken of as a merit, but as a means. This haste to disclaim merit is not always an evidence of an humble mind; but it is often an unconscious apology for the conscious want of it, and the absence of desire for it, for all do not want to be good, because to become so they will have to renounce that which they love better. They do not wish to obey; and therefore they try to think that it is not necessary, and subject the Scriptures to exegetical torture to prove their unhallowed theories. They pervert all the passages that require their personal conformity to the "image of Jesus," and construe them in such a manner as would be revolting to an humble and sincere mind,—and all this to excuse men (that is, themselves,) from their responsibility. And this they do under the plea of humility. They are so little, so powerless, that they can do nothing. But this is Satanic humility; falsifying the word by perversion, and tempting God by ungodly sloth. It is the same principle by which the enemy of our souls sought to tempt the Saviour of our souls. After the Saviour had refused the kingdoms of the world, and Satan perceived that he could not tempt him to worldly mindedness, his next effort was to tempt him to presume upon the great power and goodness of God. "Since it is written, angels shall bear thee up, therefore cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple." Does he not tempt us in the same manner when he would induce us to believe that we can have salvation without seeking it, and enjoy the "things that accompany salvation" without diligently using the means through which these blessings flow? In his temptation to the Saviour, he presented one of the most beautiful tests in the whole Scriptures, which was given for encouragement to bear up the fainting

soul under perilous and trying circumstances; and not to induce a rash plunging into dangers, where no good could be done; just to see if he would perform his word. What would have been the consequence, if the temptation had succeeded? Why, it would have been a violation of the very principle upon which the interposition of that preserving power was promised; and consequently the promise would have been forfeited. Does he not also tempt us to violate the principle of grace, by thinking that we can disobey God with impunity, or at least obey imperfectly, or neglect the risk of obedience, because it is by his free grace that we are saved? What sin can be so presumptuous as taking advantage of the goodness of God? Because he is good, and gracious, and long-suffering, therefore we can treat him with disrespect by slighting his commands whenever they conflict with our own pleasure. Not that they would say this much,—but when they want to go their own way, they try to believe that he does not require them to go in his way. When they want to indulge their own wills, they try not to believe that “this is the will of God, even their sanctification.” They strive to construe it into an imputed instead of a personal sanctification, because they love those things which oppose and prevent it; and all their arguments against it are only so many pleas for self-indulgence. It costs the flesh too much to renounce wholly the carnal mind; therefore, to lull their fears they strive to explain the texts that require the whole body, soul, and spirit to be wholly “sanctified,” “to the end that we may be unblamable in holiness before God at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints.”—1 Thess. v. 23, 24, and 1 Thess. iii. 13. And all this under the specious plea of exalting the great grace of God; but they not only prevent the very principle of grace by separating it from its conditions, but destroy its efficacy by tempting

them to cast themselves down upon a foundation of sand, and consequently to share the ruinous fate of “that servant that knew his Lord’s will, and did it not.” To all such it is written, both by the example and precepts of our Saviour, “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.” You say that Mr. — says, “we have no charge to keep; but that the Saviour keeps it for us.” And is this the reason you like to hear him, because he preaches such fables? If you have fallen into such a snare as this, you have already cast yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple, and your progress in grace has suffered as great an injury, in a spiritual sense, as your body would in a physical sense from the bruises of such a fall, and perhaps result in death. No wonder that your nervousness, your fear and apprehensiveness increase, and “the peace that passeth understanding” is farther off than ever. For there is no healing balm, no soothing unction in such preaching. You ask,—“Does he not keep our souls?” Yes, but does that discharge us from obligation? Have we not “his works to keep?” And is it not implied that he keeps us because we keep his word? “For because thou has kept the word of my patience (or kept his word with patience under trying circumstances) I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth.” He keeps us through the keeping of his word. When we go outside of it, we come under the influence of another power; even “the prince of the power of this world.” “Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are?” It was to the church this was said, warning them against this very principle; for some even at that day imagined that the service of righteousness was not required of them. For this reason Paul said, “I write to know the proof of you, whether ye be obedient in all things.” “Lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not

ignorant of his devices," 2 Cor. ii. 9, 11. Intimating that so far as they were not obedient in all things, Satan would get an advantage over them, thus far. And it is so, for it is expressly said that there is "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," Ephes. ii. 2. While of the Saviour it is said, "He became obedient in all things, even unto death." "Let this mind which was in Christ Jesus be also in you," Philip. ii. 5, 8. It stands exactly thus: Christ's is the spirit of obedience, and Satan's the spirit of disobedience. And the kingdom of Christ is established over us, and his mind in us, as we become obedient. He saves us by bringing us back to obedience. Chalmers says, "obedience is a part of the power of salvation." "To him that keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power." "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life," lost at the fall by disobedience. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

[Original.]

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

BY H. C.

No doctrine has been more mistaken than the doctrine of entire holiness. But its value must be great, since we cannot see God without it. While its necessity is clear, it is also clear that much care is required in its profession. Now it would be a calamity if we were mistaken on this point. It matters not whether we were pardoned, whether we were adopted into God's family, if we mistake the rules of our Father's household. When the earthly household breaks up, if we are not included in the heirship with Christ, why, all is lost,—lost forever. Professor of religion, think of this!

Now let me ask you, do you profess to enjoy the blessing of perfect love? Upon what grounds? You know you should

give a reason of the hope that is in you. I think I hear you say,—"Why, I was made so extremely happy when I was converted, that I *could not be more so*, and I believe God sanctified me then." I am not prepared to doubt it. But, while it is possible, such cases are rare. But let me ask you, has your experience confirmed the fact? Has your conduct told the world that you were *entirely the Lord's*? Does the life you lead show forth the vitality of religion? Have you constant peace, and are you ever ready to do your Master's will, whether pleasant or painful? If not, there is a great deal wrong. Don't deceive yourself. Go to prayer at once, make an entire surrender to God. Plead with him for purity of heart, till you know that you love God with *all* your heart; till you know that all you have is lost in God. Whatever you do, let the possession of this blessing be clear. Let no difference in your feelings satisfy you. Let no opinion of others guide you. Take the promises of God with you to your closet; plead their fulfilment. Forget all around you. Keep your eye on Jesus. Keep your mind on the blessing. Let your language be, "I will not let thee go." Is the blessing delayed? Search around you for your idols. Perhaps you cannot give up some association,—some dear friend. Don't quibble about the matter, or, while you are arguing the point, Christ may leave you. *Speak, speak right out, and mean it,—Lord, I am thine. Take all.* Pray definitely that God would sanctify you throughout, body, soul, and spirit. Rest upon the promise. Believe that he does cleanse you now. The blessing is yours. "Ask what ye will, . . . and it shall be done unto you." Now keep this sense of possession alive by faith. God does not say we walk by a sense of feeling. But, through the apostle, he tells us we walk by faith. Believe for this blessing to-day,—this moment. Continual faith for continual peace.

Can you, dear reader, rest on your

Saviour for a *full* salvation? You may have been deceived by yourself or others on the subject. Perhaps you only thought you were holy. It cannot be helped now what has been. But nothing hinders your believing now. Look up! Cast all on Jesus. Believe for the blood to cleanse. *Be sure you are cleansed.* Don't raise a false light. Better die pleading the blessing than die without it while professing it. May God search his people, give light to the deceived, shake them out of their darkness, and make us a holy church, inside and out, heart and life.

Milton, C. W.

BEARING THE CROSS.

BY RICHARD CECIL.

It is a common remark, how easily we imitate the characters we admire. It is an evidence that we belong to Christ, when we tread in his steps. Thus, if it pleases God to make us pass through pain and difficulty,—if we are in circumstances where it is impossible we can do anything more than patiently to bear and weather suffering, yielding to what we have to undergo in a submissive spirit,—this is being his disciples, and following him, by taking up our cross. Temptation may lead even a Christian to be angry; but Christ, in his example and precepts, teaches us to be patient.

It is a good touchstone for a man to try his own heart by, whether he likes all parts of the Bible: whether he wishes any part altered. There must be something amiss if we do not like to take the whole. Some people, in order to get rid of difficulties, will set aside many parts of Scripture. This truth is repeated by three evangelists, because it should not be set aside. Still, though it is thus recorded, the empty, degraded heart of man will grasp the world, till a divine breath has been breathed into it. A sincere Christian will say, I entirely approve the rule; but, at the same time, I condemn

myself; for I have been trembling lest I should have been deceiving myself; I feel how disposed I am to shun the cross.

Are you a soldier, really fighting the battles within, as well as without? Then you have much to do, but nothing to fear. Christ looks at the principle: there must be that: but "he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." If a soldier were hearty in his desire to fight, would his general cast him off when prevented by sickness? Thanks be to God, he is not a hard master. Aim at the greatest things in Christ's strength, and you shall obtain more than you expect. When the battle is the hottest, look up to your great Captain. Be not discouraged at what flesh and blood may suggest, but say, "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." Psa. lvi. 4.

If a man is willing to take up his cross,—if he is ready to set lightly by, and consider as secondary, the things of this life, rather than deny Christ, or give up one truth of the gospel, he shall be Christ's disciple. If he gives up the present for the eternal, he will lay out his talent to the best interest. God demands nothing of a Christian but with a design to give him something better. "He shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." For, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." While a man seems to give up and lose everything for a moment, for Christ's sake, he gains heaven and eternity in the end. What is the present life? It is but a dream. Shall I attempt to balance it against that which is to come? If any man is threatened with persecution for Christ's sake, let him remember that Christ will not suffer any one to be a loser for his sake. The husbandman is not throwing his grain away, when he casts it into the ground, and it seems to die. He shall have it again with interest. If a man

loses his life, says Christ, "for my sake, he shall find it;" he shall find a life worth a thousand, in the benefits of my salvation and eternal life. No man has such true ambition as a Christian; no man puts out his property to such good interest. Yet no man will adopt the sentiment of the text, but he in whose heart the Spirit of God dwells.

If this is the case, do you not see how those persons are deceived who say, it is enough to have a sound creed? It is a sad fallacy to suppose that Christianity consists in merely having right and clear views of truth. Whereas, it appeals to the heart, to the principle. A dead man may have a perfect form, but he has lost the animating principle of life. Some men will hear the truth, acknowledge the truth, and say, Hail Master! and yet remain under the influence of sin and Satan.

Some take up the subject doctrinally, and say, "Being justified by faith," we have nothing more to do. But, is there nothing to do in order to evidence this faith? What! can the text mean, Christ has borne the cross for me; and therefore I need not take up my cross? — I believe there is more dishonesty in this, than such persons are apt to believe. It seems impossible that a man can read through the Scriptures, and not see that while a Christian has the cross for his object, he has the sceptre for his government. He is to bring forth fruit. Many volumes have been written upon casuistry; but the best casuist is an upright heart. It is the existence of evil lusts and passions that makes men call for casuists. There cannot be too much honor put on the doctrine of faith in Christ: but remember, it is Christ himself who has said in the text, "Who-soever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple;" and a religion short of this is not the religion of Christ. Let us call no man master, while the Master himself has thus plainly spoken.

A wise apocryphal writer says, "My son, if thou wilt serve the Lord, prepare

thy soul for temptation." St. Peter expresses the same idea in other words: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." I would therefore say to young Christians, Be prepared; for there will be an attack. I do not say that you should be discouraged, but prepared; for I can tell you, and experience has proved it, that the yoke of Christ is easy. A supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ is promised to the true disciple; and Christ enables him to find his yoke far more easy than Satan's. With Christ's yoke we may sleep securely. The consolations of God are not small; and when we come to die, death will be gain.

To elder Christians let me say: You need not that I should insist on the truth of this declaration. You have an evidence in your own breast. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Jesus Christ." Consider, if there is no cross there will be no crown: therefore, take it up cheerfully. A martyr, who was solicited to act unworthily, simply replied, "I am a Christian; I am a Christian!" That is enough. Men may object against your principles; for how widely do the maxims of Christ differ from the maxims of the world! and, in proportion as we are Christ's disciples, we shall observe the one, and condemn the other. But consider the sanction given to the doctrine of the cross by Christ himself. How can you expect to meet the objections of a blind world? Much less can you meet their taste. God himself, when he came down and assumed our nature, could not please the world; nor will the Church, if she grows like him. The Christian's business is to please his Master. Look at the woman with the box of ointment; her heart was sound and entire; but she gave offence. Our Lord took up her case and said, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. . . . She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint my body to

the burying. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." *Mark xiv. 6-9.*

[Original.]

SAVONAROLA.

BY A.

FROM a history of the Reformation, lately published by Carlton & Porter, New York, which shows again and again how the fulness of the love of Christ could support the soul in trials, imprisonments, tortures, and death, we condense the following sketch of Jerome Savonarola, the pioneer of the Reformation in Italy.

Jerome was born in 1452, and lived in gayety and worldly pleasure at his father's house, until he was twenty-two years of age. He often, however, in the midst of earthly joys, sighed for peace with God. At that age, he resolved to yield to his convictions, and fled to a monastery, hoping there to find the peace he prayed for. He dared not tell his father, but wrote to him. Some passages of his letter are as follows:—

"My honored father, I doubt not that you grieve much for my departure. The reason which induces me to become a monk is this: the great wretchedness of the world, the iniquity of men, &c. Many times a day I sang:—

"'Alas, fly from these worldly shores,' &c.

"Continually I implored God, saying, 'Show me thy path, for to thee do I lift up mine eyes.' O my Saviour, rather a thousand deaths than that I should be ungrateful, or oppose thy will.

"Then, dearest father, you have rather to thank our Jesus than to weep."

About this time his sentiments were expressed in a lyric, of which we give the translation of a verse or two.

"Heart no more delaying,
Heart no more delaying,
From love divine thus straying.

"Thine own my heart be never;
Wouldst thou repose secure, thee
In Jesus rest forever.

Let not the false world lure thee;
Whom it delights, assure thee
The Lord is he betraying.

"My heart, oh haste to Jesus;
Leave men to their disputing;
His love alone can please us;
To calm the storm transmuting,
His love we'll prove how suiting,—
The world's dread fury staying.

"Heart no more delaying,
Heart no more delaying,
From love divine thus straying."

He became afterwards the preacher known and listened to with rapture throughout all Italy. Frequently, he would descend from the pulpit bathed in tears, amid the sobs and groans of the congregation. Scene after scene of persecution and trial he was called upon to suffer, detailed at length in the history to which we have referred, until, in May, 1498, he was called on to die for Christ. He has left us in his journal his last words. They are written in his prison, and are as follows:—

"Oh wonderful power of hope! before which all sorrow yields, all ready consolation comes. Let, now, sorrow be loud with all its host. . . . Let the world press. . . . Let enemies arise. . . . I fear nothing. On thee, O Lord, have I trusted. . . . Thou art my hope. . . . My refuge art thou. . . . For the sake of thy name, thou wilt guide and lead me."

He died, with two others, in the flames, for Christ's sake.

GLADNESS.—"Serve the Lord with gladness! Your serving him doth not glorify him unless it be with gladness. A Christian's cheerful looks glorify God. It reflects upon a master when a servant is always drooping and sad; sure he is kept at hard commons; his master does not give him what is fitting."